

Contemporary Review

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JUNE, 1954

THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

THE centre of interest in world affairs has in the last three months shifted away from the Middle East to the Far East. Central Europe and German rearmament of course held the limelight during the Berlin Conference and are still a matter of vital interest and indeed disquiet. The running sore of Arab-Israel relations also claims frequent attention, and there is considerable fear that the disorders on the Jordan-Israel frontier may provoke more serious developments. For until that frontier is redrawn there can be no peace in that part of the world. Jordan, whose statesmen are no doubt in fear of assassination by the irreconcilable Arab elements, refuse to meet Israel representatives officially for fear of being accused of recognising that country. Egypt meanwhile seems to be settling down to a state of chronic instability. The military junta that replaced the corrupt regime of the King has produced no Ataturk, and so seems compelled to call in administrators and political leaders who were connected with the old regime. Consequently the Suez Canal negotiations hang fire because no one likes to negotiate with a Government which may be overthrown overnight.

The one ray of light in the darkness of the Middle East is the Turco-Pakistan Pact. These two countries have decided to co-operate diplomatically and to explore the ground for common security arrangements. Geographically they are rather far apart, but the possibility of Iraq joining their Pact is not excluded. Iraq being the most stable and on the whole the best governed of all the Arab states, and along with Jordan the most friendly to the West, could just provide the coping stone to the edifice of Middle East security from the Bosphorus to the Indus. It is just here in the area round the Persian Gulf that the defences of the free world are so weak. With negotiations also taking place between the new Persian Government and an oil Consortium of mainly Anglo-American interests for the settlement of the tragic oil dispute there is reason to hope that this part of the Middle East at least will show some degree of stability and progress in future.

Along with the Far East however the affairs of Central Europe and Germany claim the main attention. There was never much hope of a concrete result for the Berlin Conference. After Stalin's death it looked as if a new and more liberal line was taking shape in foreign affairs in Russia. The attitude to the local nationalisms of the satellites seemed to be softer. It was even thought by some that the Kremlin, seeing the hopelessness of its position in East Germany and the impossibility of ever winning the confidence of the Germans, might be preparing for a gradual withdrawal from an untenable position. National minorities within Russia too under Beria's control of internal security were treated better and the policy of russification damped down. The peasants all over the

Union were treated with more leniency as regards economic policy in the hopes of raising agricultural output which is lagging seriously behind the industrial and so threatening economic plans. Greater emphasis has been shown on consumer goods in the interests of the general public.

A change took place after the rising in Berlin and in the other cities of East Germany in June of last year. Beria's liberalism came too late and his policy became discredited. The Red Army took over or rather made its voice heard more than before, and it was apparently decided that the military defence policy of the U.S.S.R. demanded the occupation of East Germany no matter what the political considerations. Thus though the Kremlin policy seems unchanged for home affairs we are moving in foreign affairs back towards the Stalin era. Russia therefore was never going to allow the Berlin Conference to weaken her grip on East Germany. Moreover one must never forget that Russia's foreign policy gets more intransigent whenever she sees a chance of exploiting differences among opponents. And what a chance the Kremlin has had to fish in troubled waters when one looks at the state of public opinion on the subject of German rearmament and E.D.C. in France and Britain! As far as Britain is concerned there is a gradually increasing acceptance of the principle of German rearmament under control but not without considerable misgivings which is found even inside the Conservative party. But the most critical situation has been created on this issue inside the Labour Party. The Parliamentary Party is roughly equally divided. The local Labour parties are in the main hostile to E.D.C. and so are some trade unions. The large mass unions mainly support it. All this confusion has deepseated causes which go back to the early history of the Labour movement. There is of course a small pacifist section of extreme idealists attracted to any movement of the Left. Owing to the fact that the movement was born at a time when no one bothered much about foreign affairs, when the British navy ruled the waves, and when there was no conscription here, an attitude of indifference to foreign policy arose and the idea was unconsciously created that we could go on with Socialism and ignore the world outside. It was of course wishful thinking which the first World War did something to break down. But there still remains a widespread and instinctive dislike of all armaments which interfere with social changes. There is also an unwillingness to believe that Russian Communism is anything like as bad as it is painted, which accounts for the pathetic clinging to straws, like the argument that even after Berlin it is still possible to get Russia to agree to a united democratic Germany. There is a refusal among this section to see that they are playing Russia's game and a lack of understanding that Russian Communism is unswerving in its aims and only pauses or changes tactics if faced with forces which cannot be broken or undermined.

Left-wing opinion in this country has not reached the stage of demoralisation which it has in France, and there is some evidence now that the steadier elements of the Labour Party have taken the lead with moderate success. But there is a strong element of emotion in this opposition to German rearmament in any form. Memories have not faded of what happened after the First World War. But the situation in Germany is not the same as it was then. The anti-German rearmament

section of the Labour Party have not realised the slow process of change that has gone on in Germany over the years. After the First World War the Allies made the fatal mistake of not occupying Germany. Statesmanship had not got beyond the idea that the occupation of important strategic positions, like the Rhineland, Kiel and Heligoland, was enough and that it did not concern them what happened in the rest of Germany. The result was that during 1919 and 1920 the old military machine with its officer caste, damaged but not broken, was able to climb back to power and by a series of murders, unpunished by courts sympathetic to the murderers, got rid of all leaders of progressive opinion. The result was that by 1921 all the parties of the Left were demoralised and the Right-wing Socialdemocratic leaders, who had only fought this half-heartedly, were left high and dry for they were weakened by the loss of their non-Communist Left wing. Ebert and Scheidemann appointed General Groener to try to establish a force behind the political centre, but they were beaten by the inflation which ruined the middle classes and threw them into the arms of the now rising Nazi party. The Russians also had their share of the responsibility for this development, for Karl Radek at this time was busily engaged in bringing about an agreement between the army leaders and the Communists for re-establishing German military power with Russian aid. So militarism in an even worse form was re-established after 15 years, and these events have sunk deep into the minds of that section of the Labour Party that opposes emotionally all German rearmament. They would be right if the clock had stood still and nothing had happened in Germany during this time.

But that is not so. First of all the Allies have occupied all West Germany. The leaders of the Nazis and of the old army have been suppressed, and have not been allowed to influence the elections held in Germany since the war by other than legitimate methods. Murder gangs which decimated German Liberalism after the First World War had no chance to grow. That undoubtedly savage streak in the German character, probably having its roots originally in the 30-years War, was kept down, giving the nobler traditions of German culture a chance to come out. The result has been that two great parties have dominated the political scene, the Christian Democrats, heirs to the Catholic Zentrum, with its centre in the Rhineland, and the Socialdemocratic party, heirs to the tradition of Bebel and Lassalle. These two parties may differ on home affairs but they are devoted to the principles of the Democratic Republic and of civic liberty.

Will such a set-up last? The answer is that there is no guarantee, except that the new situation in Germany indicates a progressive move in the right direction, when taken in the perspective of German history. This means of course taking a risk. But that is what all great international decisions involve. The only guarantee is the new forces in Germany today. The one thing that would make reaction possible and bring back Nazi militarism in perhaps a new form would be a refusal to show these new forces confidence in their strength and thus undermine their morale. Germany is the youngest of all the West European nations and hence the least politically experienced. The free German spirit which showed itself in their great writers and musicians in the 18th century was sup-

pressed in the 19th. It has taken till now for this new (actually old) Germany to reassert itself and break through the crust imposed on it in 1862 by Bismarck and the King of Prussia. We are thus engaged today in a struggle for the soul of Germany. Our task should therefore be to encourage German abilities in the right direction and to ensure that the great economic power which she is re-establishing and which has hitherto been harnessed to a military machine is from now on harnessed to the forces of democracy. It is unfortunate that a section of the Labour Party do not yet seem to realise that by emotional dislike and obsession with the past they may throw away the chance of having at last a stable and really democratic Germany in Central Europe. In foreign affairs they are in fact the real Conservatives.

The attitude of France to E.D.C. is conditioned by another factor not affecting the British attitude, namely the war in Indo-China. France is exhausted by this war and public opinion in a state of chaos. Most people would like to get out of it, if they could only do so without too grave a moral disaster, which might have serious repercussions at home. There can be little doubt that if the war in Indo-China was ended, the chances of getting E.D.C. through the French parliament would be increased. With these facts in view however it is not likely that Russia will try to influence China to be moderate in her policy in S.E. Asia. Moreover it would be unwise to assume that China will consider only her Asian problems and ignore Russian interests in Europe. China in fact has probably two main aims in her foreign policy. First she is determined to be regarded as a Great Power and to have all the rights and privileges of a member of UNO. As long as she is thwarted in any of these aims by the United States, she is going to make all the trouble she can everywhere. If she could attain some or any of these aims, it is not impossible that she might be willing to come to a compromise over Indo-China. Here there is the possibility of a deal with Communist China whereby she drops her aggression in Indo-China in return for a recognition by the free world of her international status. The stumbling block to this is of course the United States where a large section of opinion behind the ruling Republican Party continues to regard a world crusade against Communism as necessary. It is not enough to contain Russian and Chinese Communism and prevent them from taking areas which would be a menace to the free world. The war must be carried behind the Iron Curtain and Chiang Kai Shek's forces in Formosa must be let loose. A continuation of this philosophy might lead to the gravest consequences, though the rebuff which Mr. Dulles has experienced in Europe may now cause second thoughts.

The second point to consider in China's foreign policy is the fact that, being a Communist power, her philosophy must compel her to extend the frontiers of Communism wherever the free world shows signs of weakness. And there is plenty of evidence of this among the Western Powers in South East Asia and indeed among the South Asian states themselves. First of all France has queered the pitch from the start by her colonial policy and by not granting independence to the Indo-Chinese states till the eleventh hour. Unfortunately French colonial policy never has recognised the idea of Dominion status which has been practised by

the British Commonwealth. That makes it so difficult for France to deal with the situation in Indo-China. Independence however seems at last to be coming to Vietnam and the Kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia, but it may be too late. Therefore what with Anglo-American differences over China's international status, the differences between France and the other Western Powers over colonial policy, and the differences between all three and the South Asian states, there is even more opportunity for the Communist Powers to fish in the troubled waters of Indo-China than there is in Central Europe.

The South Asian states, India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Siam and Indonesia have been meeting in Colombo to consider whether they can have a united foreign policy. From the reports of their deliberations and the vague resolutions issued at the end it is plain that a common policy has not been found. Ceylon is definitely anti-Communist and would like measures to be taken to stem its advance in South Asia. So would Pakistan, fresh from the Turco-Pakistan Pact, and so would Siam. Burma has fought its own Communists but seems indifferent to those outside. So is Indonesia. The largest and most influential state, India, still regards European "colonialism" as far more dangerous than Communism. This idea seems to be behind Mr. Nehru's plans of mediation and he has a considerable following inside the British Labour Party, who seem quite ready to follow his lead in Asia. That able man's mind is so dominated by the "colonial" obsession that it prevents him from being really great or playing the role of a mediator. Nevertheless he typifies a large body of opinion in these Asian countries which does not regard Communism as a serious menace to its free existence but only as a local nuisance which can be dealt with by negotiation and appeasement.

On one matter of course Great Britain, the United States and the Asian states are all agreed, namely that Indo-China must become really independent. Public opinion not only in the Labour Party but throughout the country would not tolerate any move in the Indo-Chinese war against China until this is done. What would happen however if, after the Indo-Chinese federation of states acquired full sovereignty, and Ho-Chih-Min with Chinese backing refused to make peace or offered terms which the Emperor Bao Dai and the King of Cambodia could not accept without signing their own death warrant? Then supposing the Indo-Chinese federation asked for help from UNO in repelling further aggression, would public opinion here support military aid and would Congress agree? A situation of that kind would put the case of Indo-China on all fours with that of Korea which at present it is not, thanks to French colonial policy. And that situation may arise during or as a result of the Geneva conference, for China, whose national aims may be limited to securing her international status, may also seek her ideological aims of extending Communism. The temptation is there owing to the weakness of the Western world's defences in that part of Asia. Moreover the military situation may be past repair but, if it could be re-established after French colonialism is gone, the free world, which in this case would amount to Great Britain and the United States, will be faced with a critical decision. They will have to consider what practical help if any can now be given to stem the tide. Hence it is vital that the misunderstanding that has arisen

between London and Washington over Mr. Dulles' rash policies before the Geneva conference should be removed. It is argued that a Communist Indo-China would not necessarily endanger Siam, Malay, Indonesia or Burma. But he would be a rash man who did not reckon that, if this situation arose, the Communists would acquire a position of economic and strategic value which they could use for further advances if they thought the time ripe. The history of what happened in Korea shows that armed force as well as other methods has to be used in opposing Communism.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE FRENCH OUTLOOK

IT IS safe to say that when the Geneva Conference was arranged neither official France nor French opinion foresaw the storms amid which it would begin. War was still going on in Indo-China, but there seemed to be no occasion for particular or acute alarm. Nobody expected Dien Bien Phu. But when M. Bidault left Paris for Geneva the drama of that battle was at its height. The French Government pressed for the intervention of American bombers to support the besieged garrison. The revival of the American suggestion of a joint declaration by the three Western Powers warning China against direct participation in the campaign of the Viet-Minh went beyond this question of limited aid and threatened to raise the whole matter of Western defence policy in South-East Asia. The British refusal to consider this question during the Geneva Conference put an end to the discussion.

French public opinion was deeply stirred both by the events of the war and by the altercation between the Western Powers in the lobbies of Geneva and almost in the presence of the Orientals. No doubt French Ministers were above all concerned to get American bombers over Dien Bien Phu immediately. The one bright aspect of the whole situation was the courageous stand of the expeditionary force and of the troops of the French Union. Whatever losses French prestige has suffered politically, here was a gain. The consciousness of the gallantry of the Dien Bien Phu garrison and of its plight encouraged opinion to follow its natural bent and seek out the responsibilities for the Government's conduct of affairs both militarily and politically. It was recognized that the Viet Minh offensive, with that mingling of war and diplomacy which had been so often used in Korea, had been timed to influence the Geneva Conference. Questions were asked about possible interference from Paris in the planning of the French military campaign in order to impose political objectives, such as the defence of Laos, which involved great military risk.

Behind such particular points of criticism or doubt a large body of opinion was concerned about the larger intentions of Government policy. The Socialists announced an interpellation on Indo-China, which was designed to obtain from the Government an indication of the instructions given to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Geneva Conference particularly with regard to the "Asiatic problem" and the organization of

a "cease fire" in Indo-China. In a debate on March 10 M. Mendès-France has said that in the Government's policy there was an *arrière-pensée*: that of an American intervention. M. Laniel had given the National Assembly on March 6 a general view of his Government's intentions. They would negotiate, but for a "cease fire" they must have guarantees of the safety of the French forces and the associated States. The Prime Minister seemed to be making an impressive enumeration of difficulties, but he made the general declaration that there was now a unanimous desire to settle the conflict by negotiation. In the Assembly debate on May 4 however, after the first agitations at Geneva, impatience with the Government's line of policy was expressed, there was a good deal of feeling about the risk which had been apparently run of an extension of the war, and frequent assertions that mistakes had been made by successive Governments in the conduct of affairs in Indo-China. In the end the Government obtained a vote of confidence by a fairly respectable majority, because of a recognition of the serious situation which would be produced at Geneva if M. Bidault were recalled by the resignation of the Government. But the Government was severely injured, and the authority which remained to it to face the debate on the European Army and other trials to come was gravely impaired.

The Laniel Government was paying for the errors of years. Most of their critics directed their attacks in reality against M. Bidault (absent at Geneva during the debate), who had been a member of so many of the successive Ministries which had made the mistakes. A large section of opinion is convinced that opportunities for settlement in Indo-China have been repeatedly ignored in the last eight years. Every opportunity let slip increases the price which will have to be paid later. It has been noted that Bao Dai obtained more concessions than those which the French Government had refused to Ho Chi Minh in 1947. The effect of the Geneva incidents on the future course of French policy can hardly be discerned. Obviously the first necessity was to pursue negotiation between all the interested parties, including the Viet-Minh. But whatever French Government may come into office will be compelled to take account of the strategic position of Indo-China in Asia, besides a policy of making peace with the Viet Minh.

For the moment, at any rate, Indo-China ousted the E.D.C. from the position of Foreign Affair No. 1. But the decision about the European Army cannot be postponed for ever. It seems likely that those who were in favour of the E.D.C., but asked for British and American guarantees, will accept the declarations of the two Governments. The Saar is a more difficult point. Although the proposal for Europeanisation has been accepted as a basis of discussion there are reserves. As far as one may judge of French opinion after the resounding controversy of the last months there remains a wide-spread approval of the general aim of European federation. This is a strong point in favour of ratification of the E.D.C. Another point, of course, is that the Treaty creating it was actually signed. But the objections raised are comprehensible and not to be lightly dismissed. The "Europe" of the French ideal was not one of six countries but was intended to include many more. The insistent effort to get British participation had also the aim of bringing in the

Scandinavian countries. French critics of the E.D.C. feel that France has been enclosed by it in a small company which includes two Powers, Italy and Germany, both dissatisfied and capable of putting forward territorial claims in the future. There has been talk of seeking alternative schemes, but the E.D.C. is itself an alternative scheme. It was put forward by the French (though not in its present shape) as an alternative to the independent rearmament of Germany on a national basis which was being urged by Western military leaders.

M. Edgar Faure, who enjoys a reputation as an able Finance Minister, has been making efforts in various directions to stir a stagnant economy into more active life. An important fiscal reform has put the business turnover tax on a new basis. Various measures, including detaxation of some forms of business transactions, stimulation of exports, encouragement of useful concentrations in industry, together form a plan covering 18 months, and M. Faure affirms that this will result in a 10 per cent. increase in production. The slight improvement in production which began at the end of last year continues slowly; but there is still no vigorous and confident trade push and the demand for labour for the second quarter of 1954 showed no improvement on that of the second quarter of last year.

Despite the agitations about important international questions the dominant problem is the reform of the national economy. Trade stagnation is due to many causes, including the two wars, and particularly the paralysing occupation during the last one. Industries have learnt to be excessively cautious, fearing devaluations of currency, and fearing not less open international competition. The last factor was made manifest in the failure of the Laniel Government to liberate trade exchanges from import quotas up to the limit of 75 per cent. as France had promised. In face of many objections from industries the proportion of liberation was raised to 53 per cent., but, even so, the right was reserved to put on compensatory dues to shield industries which might be too hard pressed.

One of the reasons why protection is difficult to remove is that it forms in a special sense a part of the traditional and deeply founded French economy. It seemed to fit the famous balance between industry and agriculture, which made France at one time self-sufficing in many essentials, but it was always injurious to productivity, which modern international competition has made a necessity. French agriculture is far below the average in point of yield per acre. This is largely due to the subdivision of property among a great population of peasants. But the peasant community of land-owners is a solid political foundation for the country. Farming has steadily improved, largely by co-operative buying and selling and the hiring of modern machinery. The disadvantage of subdivision is now being seriously attacked by the integration of small exploitations into larger ones permitting farming on a more profitable scale, but this *remembrement*, though rich in promise, is not being accomplished quickly enough.

There are indications that public opinion has now learnt some of the lessons of the recent years of inflation. The failure of the 24 hours strike called by the Communist-controlled C.G.T. for April 28, nominally to expose economic grievances but probably with an eye on the Geneva Conference, showed that workpeople in the mass do not lend themselves

easily to "political" strikes. Opinion appears to be becoming more aware of the truth, which M. Mendès-France continues to preach, that the position of France depends above all on a healthy economy. From a different political angle M. Pinay sees in the continuing stabilisation, at present at stagnation level, an opportunity for a vigorous effort of restoration. As a result of the Monnet Plan the country now possesses greater means of production than ever before. M. Pinay points out also that the monetary stabilisation has started a revival of savings. Both M. Pinay and M. Mendès-France insist on the potential value of the great increase in population which has occurred since the war. The two men are outstanding among political leaders in the sense that they have given the impression that they will not seek office merely to preside over ephemeral Ministries of current affairs, or tolerated Ministries like that of M. Laniel, depending on the fitful support of jealous and changing groups. If they seek power it will be to accomplish a big task which they have defined for themselves. M. Mendès-France has recently made one or two speeches in the Assembly and in the provinces which seem to mark him as a candidate for office if the opportunity presents itself. It remains an obvious question whether the present National Assembly can be brought to form a steady majority for a large policy, and also whether public opinion has progressed enough towards a recognition of realities to face reforms which must include painful measures.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

LIBERALS AT BUXTON

EVERY PARTY in every democracy is a confederation of lesser parties or groups. The Liberal Party—the historic Alliance of Whigs, Radicals, Peelites and Cobdenites—is no exception. Even today the emergence of a Radical Reform Group within the Liberal Party Organisation illustrates the theme. But surely, when examined from the viewpoint of philosophy instead of the narrowed vistas of electioneering, the divergences and deviations, such as they are, are mainly of shade, colour and emphasis rather than of faith and dogma. Liberty is the very root or kernel of the Liberal philosophy; liberty and justice are intertwined; a free economy lays the foundations of, say, old age pensions; social reform is neither more nor less than a facet of liberty in action. Liberty and social action were never the opposite sides of an equation. Nor are they today. To ~~claim~~ that they are would be to denigrate liberty, of which "social reform without Socialism", properly understood, is only one manifestation. This is, or ought to be, the lesson of Buxton. The Liberal Party Assembly at Buxton (April 21-24) did not always emphasise the distinctively Liberal attitude so specifically or so vigorously as at Ilfracombe last year. More than once it was protested that Resolution A or Amendment B was not distinctive enough. There was, perhaps, broader unity or harmony. The Radical Reform Group's withdrawal of its expected opposition to the "Unity of Purpose" Resolution, expounded in a scintillating speech by Mr. Derick Mirfin, President of the Cambridge Union, and seconded for the National Executive by

Mr. Geoffrey Acland, enhanced the tonic and bracing influence of the thousand-foot-high surrounding hills. Liberals must, however, be different. They know it in their bones. Moreover, if there happen to be proposals in which they are in seeming accord with their opponents, they know full well that other parties' propaganda facilities for "putting over" such notions are far more formidable.

The dispersal of monopoly by law reforms to help Free Trade is, self-evidently, a distinctive Liberal issue. As is his wont, Sir Arthur Comyns Carr, Q.C., marshalled the argument supremely well when he proposed an unusually short Executive Resolution on monopoly-breaking: "That this Assembly, having received the second report on Monopoly, deplores the inadequacy of the measures adopted by the Conservative and Socialist Governments to deal with this grave problem and re-affirms the radical anti-monopoly programme adopted by the 1948 Assembly". This gave Mr. Oliver Smedley the cue for a neat three-minute speech on monopoly in the white fish industry as a representative example of "the set-up in practically every other industry today".

Another such issue concerned the future of Africa, on which the Liberal M.P.s. enjoy a fine record. The present writer moved the Official Resolution on Africa South of the Sahara, which was lifted bodily from the Liberal International Congress proceedings at Mondorf-les-Bains and commanded the Executive's emphatic support. Recognising that antagonism between whites and blacks, and its political consequences too, arose from the impact of Western civilisation on primitive societies, and from the social and economic conflict between technologically skilled Europeans and unskilled Africans, this Resolution demanded an early conference between the Governments of administered and self-governing territories south of the Sahara to work out the general principles of the continent's future development. It urged upon the Governments the need of proclaiming the equality of rights and duties of Europeans and Africans. The subject-matter of this session covered a vast terrain. It comprised the Prime Minister's statement of April 13—excellent as far as it goes—on the Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, the progress of the Gold Coast under the Nkrumah Government, the Malan Administration's new Native Resettlement Bill for the Africans of Johannesburg (which puts back the South African clock to 1826), Central African Federation, Kenyan education estimates and land distribution, our conduct towards the Kabaka and Lukiko of Baganda, and the psychology of Sir Andrew Cohen.

Feeling is obviously running exceedingly high among British Liberals against "the advent of Mr. Lyttelton to the Colonial Office, the most shockingly inept appointment in British imperial history since Lord North lost America to the First British Empire," and against the implicit repudiation of our 1891 and 1923 pledges to maintain the paramountcy of native interests in Nyasaland and Kenya. A spirited plea by Mr. Richard Moore (Union of University Liberal Societies) for reference back was heartily defeated. Mr. Moore protested that the Resolution contained no reference to joint consultation between Africans and Europeans. That was fair enough complaint, but, in point of fact, the mover had already stated the premises of action as follows: 1. To maintain the joint principles

of "no colonial discrimination" and "no political domination by economically interested parties". 2. To devise new machinery for collaboration and co-operation, for example, an *All-Africa Consultative Assembly*. 3. To ensure that genuinely democratic usages and practices may flourish in plural communities. 4. To lay the foundations of partnership in a new integrated multi-racial society, affording equality of opportunity and the highest educational facilities to men and women of every race, colour and creed. The Resolution was carried with a very few dissentients.

Yet another major question was co-ownership, which may, or may not, prove to be a clearly differentiated Liberal issue, for there are those who say that it is coming anyway. Mr. Elliott Dodds, Editor of the *Huddersfield Examiner* and self-styled "grandfather" of Ownership for All, won a sensational personal victory on the second morning for his new detailed blueprint for statutory co-ownership, (dismissed as "fancy" by the *Manchester Guardian*), of which a 65-line synopsis stood in the names of Anglesey, Denbigh and four other constituencies. The Reigate Amendment, skilfully piloted in a statesmanlike speech by Mr. James Walters, declared that still further research and investigation were needed on such problems as the mobility of labour, the amount of the benefits accruing to workers, capital investments, and the impact of such projects upon workers engaged in non-profit-making industry. Mr. Dodds was pretty well in a minority of one among the Party leaders, both inside and outside the two Houses. The Party's Economic Advisory Committee, including Professor Frank Paish, Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. George Schwartz, had concentrated a withering fire upon these new proposals, together with the earlier Blackpool blueprint of 1948. Nevertheless, despite the revealing thinness of Mr. Dodds' "platform" support, despite the energetic onslaught of two ex-M.P.s, Sir Arthur Comyns Carr and Mr. Frank Byers, and of Mr. Frank Eggleston, the monetary authority, despite successive warnings from the *Manchester Guardian*, despite, too, the *Church of England Newspaper's* "front-page spread" on the very day of the debate for a striking article by Mr. Neville Penry Thomas on the ethical impropriety of the compulsory principle, the Assembly rose in its majesty or wrath, and wisdom or unwisdom, rallied to Mr. Dodds and defeated the Reigate Amendment by the very close vote of 290 to 246. The promoters graciously accepted an Amendment from Hornchurch, which endorsed the principles of the Co-ownership Committee's new Report, notably a recommendation that, by an appointed day, every company enjoying the statutory "privilege" of limited liability should be required to conform thereunto. This was carried.

Doubts lingered. The protagonists of the new scheme were overjoyed. Others felt that it was but a Pyrrhic victory. Economic libertarians reassured themselves that, with the elimination of guaranteed prices from the Party's agrarian policy at Ilfracombe in 1953, there remained only one facet of doubtful validity to expunge from Liberal policy—the obligatory element in co-ownership. Many shared the conviction that, while a party conference is an admirable forum for political education, it is hardly the milieu for the introduction of a model Act of Parliament. Others contended that the most dangerous factor in the Co-ownership plan was the implicit reversal, in the case of some nine million workers, of

the historic advance from status to contract—an advance which, as Sir Henry Maine rightly held, comprises civilisation. The project, with its undefined concept of “standard” profits, made, too, for a static economy instead of the dynamic, adaptable, expansionist economy which Britain needs must embrace or perish.

There had been far less tension in the debate on agricultural policy, which was much less lively than the historic controversy at Ilfracombe. The question of guaranteed prices was already eight or nine months out of date, and had meanwhile yielded precedence to the question of National Farmers’ Union-dominated marketing boards. But two ex-M.P.s., 88-year-old Mr. Charles Roberts, Asquith’s Under Secretary for India, and his son, Wilfrid, who farms 1,000 acres in Cumberland, fought a brave and unavailing rearguard action for the retention of fixed prices. Mr. Alan Brinton rightly commented in the *News Chronicle* that this 2½-hour debate was “confused, with many delegates apparently finding it just as difficult as I did to pick their way through a heavy mass of amendments, liberally sprinkled with hearty points of order”. The Executive Resolution, moved by Mr. Lawrence Robson, retiring President, who farms in Oxfordshire, maintained the Ilfracombe demand for the abandonment of guaranteed prices, insisted that the right approach was to keep farmers’ costs low, and advocated measures to restore and increase competition in the industries supplying farmers’ needs and handling their produce. It also demanded the cessation of the right of dispossession by the Ministry of Agriculture. Its final clause urged the repeal of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft’s increased protective tariffs imposed last December on eighteen classes of fresh and preserved fruit and vegetables. “The majority of farmers”, said Mr. Robson, “are prepared to face freer marketing conditions for British agriculture, but they are not prepared to accept the imposition of burdens upon agricultural costs designed for the benefit of the industries from which their requirements in machinery, fertilisers and other farming supplies are obtained. . . . A liberalisation of the food markets of the world should go hand in hand with the liberalisation of the markets for manufactured goods”. Mr. E. Youngman, of Suffolk, accurately mirrored the general attitude of his fellow-delegates when he said, “I would much rather rely on consumer demand than on any Government guarantee”. A boldly-conceived Amendment from Saffron Walden succeeded in substituting marketing facilities through farmers’ co-operative societies for marketing facilities through State aid and access to the necessary capital resources. Thus Ilfracombe principles remained intact—and triumphant.

Buxton gave the lie, albeit very gently, to the widely prevalent notion that international affairs are outside the field of party. In the debate on the Executive Resolution, moved by Sir Andrew McFadyen, it was manifest from the outset that the Party was ahead of Lord Layton, Deputy Leader in the Lords, then absent in Paris, and perceptibly ahead of the Foreign Secretary and most Ministers in its almost unqualified support not only of “intimate association” but full British participation in the European Defence Community and the European Steel Community. Sir Andrew commented that he had never understood what arguments we could present against our own entry into the European Defence

Community which could not just as well be advanced by the French Union. To those who suggested that Commonwealth commitments were an obstacle he replied, "No Dominion leader has sought to discourage us from the completest association with Western Europe. Why should they if that association is our best and possibly only effective form of defence and gives us that added strength through unity which is the vital interest of every member of the Commonwealth?"

Sir Andrew also introduced an Addendum on nuclear weapons, urging that the attempt to institute international control and supervision of their material and the process of manufacture be unremittingly pursued, commending President Eisenhower's attempt to induce the Soviet Government to discuss agreement on the civil use of atomic power, and trusting that it would be made possible to arrange for a much fuller exchange of information between the nations of the free world and to avoid such declarations of policy in this matter by one Power without previous consultation as are calculated to spread disquiet among its associates. An Eye Amendment asked for the Addendum to be inserted at the beginning of the main Resolution, instead of at the end, and for a new preamble with a formula for a resolute campaign for "the establishment of world law and the renunciation of selfish nationalism". Sir Andrew did not much care for it. He pointed out that the Party had long crusaded for both, and "that issue is cheapened if at every opportunity it is tackled on like a Charles's head to each problem as it arises". However, Eye prevailed, and the amended Resolution was subsequently passed.

The Leader's Assembly speech, too, one of his best, and, heavily punctuated by applause, was notable for two particularly forthright declarations on foreign affairs. Mr. Clement Davies averred, first, that Britain could not ask France to do what we ourselves are not prepared to do in the European Defence Community, and, secondly, that an Asian or Pacific or Indian Ocean version of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation would command British Liberal support, subject to the qualification that "the peoples of Asia shall be regarded as equal partners (not only among themselves, but also equal with any people of European origin); that there shall be no question of colonisation or preserving or enforcing colonisation". That badly needed saying. It was well timed. Such, then, was the Buxton approach to some five or six topics for today—monopoly, Africa, co-ownership, agriculture, international affairs, the hydrogen bomb. It was at once high-minded and matter-of-fact. "An annual miracle of political persistence and doggedness in the face of adversity", pronounced the *Observer*. There is no denying the Phoenix-like resiliency of British Liberals. "To act with faith and enthusiasm", Mr. Adlai Stevenson has said, "is the condition of acting greatly". Liberals lack neither.

DERYCK ABEL.

PROBLEMS & PROSPECTS IN THE SUDAN

DEMOCRACY got off to a ragged start in the Sudan, but while everybody must deplore the violence and bloodshed of the March 1 riots—on the day that the new parliament was to open with fanfares and celebrations—this brief explosion probably means that worse

disaster, often foreshadowed, may be avoided. For it means that the parties in office, the National Unity group, held together by a minority of pro-Egyptians who used to call themselves the Ashiggs, or Blood Brothers, must have learned that they must move cautiously in their dealings with Egypt. It means that the blatant Egyptian propaganda, which began on the tide of political unity in February 1952 and reached the flood when the National Unity group were returned to power in the elections last December, has failed, at any rate in its immediate aims. Major Saleh Salem and his cronies stand in relation to the Sudan as Egypt has done for most of the past 130 years—the feared northern neighbours whose word is not to be trusted and who might at any time revert to type as the slave raiders of the nineteenth century. It means, too, that the British administrators, far from being smug, as has been alleged in many publications in the last few months, have really triumphed with their quiet acceptance of treaties and obligations, and by never deviating from the course laid down for them by such great men as Cromer, Kitchener and Wingate. From many sides British officials in the Sudan were pressed by political pundits and propaganda “experts” (including myself) to reply in kind to the Egyptian methods of bribery, corruption, the suborning of political leaders, lying and inflammatory speeches. To all of which they replied, to their everlasting credit: “We stand or fall on what we have done. Our aim has always been to lead the Sudanese towards independence, to choose their own future. We will stick to the rules and not tell lies about anybody. If the Sudanese choose to link with Egypt, we shall be sorry, but so be it.”

It has also been alleged that the British officials were hypocritical in these statements because they had not employed the best technicians or enough of them in order that science and agriculture could progress hand in hand with political education. The moves towards political maturity are familiar. Sir Hubert Huddleston as Governor-General and Sir Douglas Newbold as Civil Secretary speeded up local and central government primarily through the Advisory Council of 1944, and Sir James Robertson, successor to Sir Douglas put an even greater spurt on this progress by introducing the Legislative Assembly in 1948 and in 1952 the new constitution which was the basis of the free elections last December. All this has been called “slow suicide” by the British, yet those who called it so are the very people who have also criticised the British for holding up progress by retarding the appointment of qualified technicians. The truth here is that technicians were appointed as fast as money could be got to pay their salaries: the British policy was that the country must pay its way. Its social services, roads, railways, education and health had to come from internal resources. It is easy for the casual observer to sweat and lose his temper over the many dusty unmetalled roads of the Sudan and to compare these with the mighty feats of engineering in neighbouring Eritrea. But it is well known now that Mussolini bolstered up the economy of Eritrea to provide an outlet for the produce of his over-populated Italy, and that his roads were not for the peaceful exchange of commerce within the country, but to carry lorries and tanks for the chief purpose of attacking the Sudan itself and giving quick access for troops from the port of Massawa. While these roads were being built

in the 'thirties the Sudan was struggling with the rest of the world against the ravages of an economic slump. With the brilliant exception of the Gezira cotton scheme, the country was largely on a care and maintenance basis. The Gezira was kept running at a loss, but there was no other money in the chest for such luxuries as new roads. No family man buys a new motor car when he has just taken a salary cut, though he may repair the leaks in his house. And though in these times of economic distress the Sudan Government did not "lash out" on expensive technicians, the few it did appoint were of the highest quality, so that when the time for expansion came they were able to startle the world with the country's post-war access to prosperity. This small band of devoted and highly competent technicians working in the security provided by a sound administration enabled the Sudan to be ready to embark on the greatly accelerated economic development as soon as the war was over. There was not much time to achieve a great deal between the end of the slump and the outbreak of war. But economically the Sudan did well out of the war, and plans were ready for great development schemes long before it was over. By this time, though the money was available, technicians of the required standard were not easy to find. The Sudan was not the only country to which the war made development both necessary and possible of achievement.

In 1954 the Sudan reaps the reward of the so-called "smugness" of its earlier administrators. As self-government becomes a fact economic stability is at hand. The country is a going concern. It has no debts which it cannot pay, little invested foreign capital, and a record of international honesty and security—saving only the blemish of the March 1 riots—which will make possible, if it is desired, the raising of loans to enable it to expand still further its standards of life and culture. And behind this healthy front window are a happy people, free to speak, write or worship, to join trades unions, to buy their own houses, travel as they wish, with their education and health services provided gratis by the State.

It has been said that the British political officers of the Sudan Government with their home background of "feudalism" became too confident of their own popularity, and that they neglected secondary education because the only people they could get on with were those of their own class or those who had no education at all. The only relationship they could understand, it was stated, was that between the Lord of the manor and the village idiot—one of tolerance and benignity and good works. The truth of all this is that when a country such as the Sudan is built up from devastation, education must start from scratch. There cannot be secondary education on a large scale until the masses have been given elementary education. Only a year ago the Principal of the University College, Khartoum—which Kitchener founded in memory of General Gordon as a primary school—spoke of the shortage of Sudanese able to benefit from higher education. He said it was essential to widen the field of choice and this could only be done by building up from the bottom—in other words by concentration first on elementary schools. By this means the standards could be raised of those entering the intermediate and secondary schools and eventually the university. Britain

faces the same problem in her search for scientists. Industry wants more and more scientists, but they are not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. The reason is that nearly all want to enter industry where the pay is good, but few want to be teachers, where the pay is poor. But if there are not enough teachers it is not possible to keep up the rate of production of scientists. Rates of pay are not the big problem in the Sudan. There it is the difficulty of finding from among nine millions, whose grandfathers were mostly savages, enough people to train as teachers for the higher posts—and thus speed up the “suicide” of the British administration.

There is one other factor of which the British had to take cognisance. With the examples of India and Egypt before them they had to beware of creating a nation of Government clerks. In the early days it was the ambition of a young Sudanese to qualify for a black coat and striped pants and sit at a desk. To him reading and writing appeared to be the only qualifications for such a job. In India and Egypt thousands of the kind were created, and in the slump many of them walked the streets out of work. They had been taught, they thought, to use their brains, and were unwilling to soil the clean hands which to them are the essential adjuncts to brain work. If a smattering of education was to make men afraid to work on the land in an essentially agricultural country, then obviously the subject must be treated with extreme caution. Quite a lot of the criticism of the British education policy is directed at girls' education. It is often forgotten how reluctant the Sudanese have always been to allow their women into the limelight of public affairs. An ex-Government official tells of his experience 30 years ago as a district commissioner in Kordofan, the western province noted for its gum arabic gardens. He urged upon the tribal chiefs to send their girls to school. They went away for discussion and returned after three days. Then they announced: “We are willing to send our girls to your schools on two conditions: 1. There must be no girls over nine in the school; and 2. There must be no male teachers under the age of 70.” Some progress has been made since then, in spite of opposition from the mothers and grandmothers. The fathers see in girls' education the prospects of a good marriage, and for this reason they have talked round some of the female elders to letting the girls go to school.

There has been one other major criticism of the British administration—the emphasis on cotton as the mainstay of the country's economy. But nobody in the country has ever been blind to the fact that this fickle crop, subject also to unpredictable fluctuations in world prices, not to mention the rigging of markets, should be supported by something more stable. For many years, even during the pre-war slump, experts have been trying to find alternatives to cotton. Every possible trace of industrial wealth has been probed by geologists. In their researches they found slight chance of oil deposits near the Red Sea hills, a trace of coal in the Kassala province, and chrome of low grade in the south-west. None of these yields hope of commercial exploitation. Raw materials such as limestone clay and gypsum for making cement have been found, and a fine modern cement factory is in operation between Ed Damer and Atbara, near the railway headquarters. An efficient system of extracting salt from the sea has been devised at Port Sudan, supplying all the needs of the country

and exporting to adjacent countries, Japan and India. Gold is found in this area in Equatoria and the Fung District, and there is a considerable mother of pearl industry near the Red Sea. These are the limits of the country's industrial prospects so far as can be seen. For the rest the country is agricultural and pastoral and no pains have been spared to find new crops and to develop healthy livestock. Across the clay plains of the west, where husbandry depends on capricious rainfall, huge schemes are in progress to find new spring water and conserve rain as it falls. Water storage is being built up by the creation of huge reservoirs, or *hafirs*, and new water supplies are being found by the digging of deep boreholes. The effect of these schemes is two-fold. If permanent water supplies can be established the wandering cattle owners, always searching for water, would in time form settled communities. Working with the teams of reservoir diggers are mechanical farmers teaching the tribesmen to plough their land by modern methods, and to get the best out of it. The immediate crop here is *dura* (sorghum), staple diet of the Sudanese and in world demand for animal feeding stuffs. It is visualised that in time these vast fertile areas may provide wheat, creating in the middle of Africa a huge granary to feed the countries of the Middle East and beyond. Experiments have also been made with coffee, tobacco, sugar and rice. Some of these have got to the pilot stage—remember that the great Gezira cotton scheme began as a pilot scheme. In the Sudan, as distinct from some areas such as Tanganyika and Queensland, great schemes had small beginnings.

If the tribesman can be induced to settle in communities round the new water supplies, another great enterprise in the Sudan may reach fruition. Traversing hundreds of thousands of square miles millions of cattle, camels, sheep and goats are continually on the move. These animals are real wealth, and their preservation and the improvement of their stock have always been aimed at by British agriculturalists. The great bane of cattle in the Sudan has for years been rinderpest, and when they wander the disease is difficult to check. Not only is the wandering pastoral at the mercy of his fellow tribesmen who may drive diseased animals among his flocks, but he is remote from veterinary attention. For years veterinary experts have fought rinderpest and are near to winning the battle. Laboratories for the manufacture of vaccines have been built at strategic points in the cattle areas, and more than half a million doses of vaccine, which provides immunity from the disease, are produced every year. The incidence of the disease has been reduced to an astonishing degree, sufficient at any rate to inspire confidence in a meat canning firm to use the cattle for their products and to be a canning factory on the spot. Plans for even bigger immunisation campaigns are in operation. Area by area in this vast cattle rearing country veterinary surgeons are vaccinating every living animal. Once that process is complete it will be necessary only to treat the young animals as they are born.

Finally, a word about the political future. The first Prime Minister, Ismail El Azhari, leader of the extreme pro-Egyptian section of the National Unity parties, has been made to realise that he can continue to hold office only if he pursues a moderate course, acceptable to the leader of the Khatmia religious sect, Sayed Sir Ali Mirghani. Sayed Sir Ali

wants no more than an unspecified friendly link with Egypt, and, though the power of the religious leaders may appear to be declining among the Intelligentsia of the towns, it is still strong enough to warrant the serious attention of Ismail El Azhari. It is hoped, however, that this influence will not prove strong enough to force on him a political and religious witch-hunt in trying to fix responsibility for the tragic events of March 1. Such a persecution would rebound first on the head of Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman El Mahdi, leader of the opposing Ansar sect, whose son Sayed El Siddiq is president of the Umma, or independence, political party. Any serious attempt to pin responsibility for the outrages on these two leaders would undoubtedly result in more internal strife. Internal strife is the last thing anybody wants anywhere. The Sudan wants it least of all as it strides out to its destiny, and nobody knows this better than Ismail El Azhari. As has been shown, too close a relationship with Egypt can also bring disaster. So Azhari finds, as many an extremist who forced himself to power has found, that in the early stages, at any rate, his safe course is the middle one. If he keeps this in mind he may remain in power long enough to give his country a solid push on the road to stable government. If not, his government is sure to fall.

JOHN HYSLOP.

THE LAST YEAR IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE Communist regime in Czechoslovakia approached 1953 with a spirit of certainty and a show of definite purpose. The great Slánský purge and trial had been successfully concluded; the rate of agricultural collectivisation had exceeded all expectations during 1952, and although a poor harvest and a certain amount of passive resistance on the part of the peasantry had aggravated existing economic problems, the leadership of the Party could feel reasonably secure politically. Stalin was in his heaven and Gottwald was his prophet in Prague. This apparently indestructible set-up was disturbed by Stalin's death in March 1953, followed within a week by the death of Gottwald after an attack of coronary thrombosis. Antonín Zápotocký, hitherto Premier, was elected to the vacant Presidency and gave up his old post to the senior Vice-Premier, the Slovak Communist Široký. The changes in Czechoslovakia after Gottwald's death went off comparatively smoothly and without the struggle for power which took place in the Kremlin at the same time. The Czechoslovak Presidency gained an incumbent of more considerable standing in the person of Zápotocký, whose political roots are in the old Czech Trade Union movement and who has always appeared to be a man of some character, particularly in comparison with the insignificant Gottwald. So far Zápotocký has not taken over Gottwald's other office, the Party Chairmanship, and Party affairs are being managed by Novotný, the Chief Secretary of the Central Committee. Changes may take place after this month's Party Congress.

No startling developments resulted at first from the new political arrangement, and despite an amnesty for non-political prisoners decreed

by the new President in May 1953, the harsh policy associated with "Stalinism" found expression in the confiscatory currency reform ordered at the end of May and in a severe decree, setting out draconic penalties for absenteeism in industry, issued on June 30th. After the Trade Union movement had promised to combat absenteeism more effectively, the Government revoked its decree, and nothing has been heard of it since. The currency reform, on the other hand, has left an indelible mark on the country's economy and political temper.

The monetary reform, which became effective on 1st June, was one of the most drastic and severe on record. By wiping out most savings and all internal debts and by destroying concealed reserves of purchasing power, the Government hoped to curb inflation. All currency in circulation was exchanged at a ratio of 50:1, with the exception of the first 300 crowns (£2 according to the official rate of exchange), which were exchanged at 5:1. Wages and prices were adjusted at the ratio of 5:1. The abolition of the rationed market, where prices had been heavily subsidised, caused considerable hardship, particularly to workers who had benefited most from the existence of rationing owing to their privileged position. According to the July issue of the UN Economic Bulletin for Europe, this currency reform reduced real wages in Czechoslovakia by 10 per cent. A number of price reductions carried out in the second half of last year and tax concessions for single and childless wage-earners have led to a rise in real wages since then, but the official claim that real wages had risen by 9 per cent. during 1953 must be dismissed as an exaggeration. It must be conceded, however, that the Czechoslovak Government has succeeded in halting inflation and in forcing farmers to improve deliveries by depriving them of their hidden reserves of money. The immediate result of the currency reform was a series of outbreaks of industrial unrest in various parts of the country. In Central Slovakia even Communist Party officials sided with those who protested against the severity of the reform. The most serious outbreak took place in Plzeň, the centre of the huge "Skoda" (now "Lenin") arms and engineering combine. For a few hours the demonstrators were in command of the situation; they seized the Town Hall, where they destroyed pictures of Communist leaders and burned official documents. A small squad of soldiers, sent to quell the riot, joined the insurgent workers. The town was soon occupied by special para-military police formations sent from Prague, and the usual diatribes against reactionary provocateurs and the usual trial and executions followed. However, for one instant the rulers of Czechoslovakia had been given the chance to see the red light, which was to warn their East German comrades two weeks later.

The Plzeň riots certainly played a part in determining the introduction of a new economic policy in the Communist-dominated countries of Eastern Europe in the second half of 1953. The consumer goods drive in the USSR has its counterpart in Czechoslovakia and the official emphasis on the production of consumer goods and on service in the shops has been marked. One of the chief projects of heavy industrial development, the HUKO foundry combine in Eastern Slovakia, has been abandoned for the time being, presumably to make increased capital investment in light industries possible. In September Premier Široký

announced an immediate reduction in the planned volume of industrial capital investment by 16.1 per cent, together with an immediate increase of 665,000,000 crowns in agricultural investments and improved credit facilities for farmers. Farmers have also been offered higher bulk buying prices and more favourable delivery conditions by the Government as part of the drive to secure a better supply of consumer goods.

Agriculture has always been the weakest link of the Communist economy in Czechoslovakia. 40 per cent. of the national total of agricultural land has now been collectivised, while 8.2 per cent. is cultivated by state farms. The collectives depend on state tractor stations, which have a virtual monopoly of modern agricultural machinery. Their work has gradually improved, but they are still subjected to severe criticism in the press. The Minister of Agriculture, Uher, ascribed their poor performance to the lack of technical cadres in an address before the Central Committee of the Communist Party last December. He stated that not a single manager of a state tractor station had enjoyed a higher education and that only 3.5 per cent of managers had attended secondary school. The performance of Czechoslovak agriculture may be judged by the fact that the country, which was largely self-sufficient before the war as far as food was concerned, now depends on the USSR for meeting about one half of the people's grain consumption. In comparison with 1952 last year's imports of butter increased by 15 per cent., of meat by 73 per cent., and fats by 145 per cent. Czechoslovakia's dependence on Soviet supplies of grain is of the greatest political significance and represents a constant incentive to meet Soviet demands for industrial products. The intensive and sometimes forcible collectivisation drive of 1952 has been definitely abandoned for the time being as the regime has recognised that farmers cannot be driven so far and as hard as industrial workers. Disaffected farmers have been told by the President that they are at liberty to leave collective farms, and many official spokesmen have been at great pains to stress the voluntary character of collective farming.

Industry, commerce and transport are almost completely in the hands of the state. Gross industrial output increased by 10 per cent. last year as against 1952 and most industrial sectors have fulfilled or at least approached their targets. Coal and electricity, however, have constantly lagged behind the rate of overall industrial development, and, in view of this fundamental weakness, the official hope of increasing steel production by 4.5 per cent., hard coal production by 8.5 per cent., and that of aluminium by 600 (sic) per cent. this year is not likely to materialise. Considerable efforts have been made to recruit more labour for the vitally important Ostrava coalfield and to build more houses for miners, but all this has had little influence on coal production figures. Two vast systems of hydro-electrical power stations, involving the construction of three dams on the Vltava River in Bohemia and 15 dams on the rivers Vah and Orava in Slovakia, have been taken in hand. A number of new power stations built as part of the Slovak project has already been completed. Much has been made of the completion of 30,000 housing units last year, although this achievement is by no means impressive. During 1953 the total of employed workers increased by 180,000 and women now form more than 35 per cent. of the permanent labour force. According to the official

plan implementation report, Czechoslovakia's national income increased by 5 per cent. during the year.

Despite admitted difficulties and set-backs, particularly in agriculture, the regime has registered some economic progress, which may not be reflected in the country's living standard, but which has extended its industrial potential and has thus contributed to the strength of the Soviet bloc as a whole. The present concern for the flow of consumer goods appears to be a temporary expedient; Soviet practice has always demonstrated that in the final instance the well-being of the citizen must give way to the overall aim of increased industrialisation. Given time, the economic policy of the Communist regime in Eastern Europe may well succeed. Given even more time, the need for heavy industrial expansion may be fully satisfied and the production of consumer goods may assume proportions which will remove the grievances of the dissatisfied customer, enabling him at long last to buy enough goods with his hard-won earnings. To win this final political and economic victory the Communists must win the ideological struggle first. They must really convince the people that the present state of affairs is preferable to the past and in Czechoslovakia this means that they have to erase the memory of Masaryk's Republic which existed between the wars. The regime knows well enough that it cannot hope to convince middle-aged men and women, who still remember the old times, that the present is immeasurably superior to the past and that Thomas Masaryk was a sort of capitalist Gauleiter of Czechoslovakia. Indeed, Communist propaganda is not really interested in this age group, but aims at gaining the minds of the young, who have no personal memories to support them.

Stressing the importance of the anti-Masaryk campaign, the Communist daily "*Rudé Právo*" told Party propagandists in a leading article dealing with the publication of a collection of "Documents" purporting to prove Masaryk's despicable activities: "It is our responsibility to reveal the class roots of the ideology of the capitalist Republic, to unmask Masaryk and Beneš, the ideologists of the bourgeoisie, as servants of the Western imperialists. . . . All false tales and all deliberately concocted untruthful legends concerning Masaryk's merits and his democracy must be smashed." It is significant that the fight for the minds of the country's youth is by no means one-sided, even though all the weapons would appear to be in the Communists' hands. Parents and teachers, particularly in secondary schools, still pass on the truth as they see it, despite the risks entailed. The Communist press contains frequent calls to teachers to make the struggle against the "Masaryk legend" more effective.

The riots which followed the currency reform gave rise to a vigorous propaganda campaign directed against "leftish radicalism" and "social democracy", i.e., against those who advocated more favourable wage conditions and less stringent production norms for the workers. It is being continually repeated that demands such as these, which had their use in the era of bourgeois rule, are outdated and, indeed, subversive in a People's Democracy, where everything belongs to the people, anyway. Local authorities are being constantly told that they must not give way to such demands, but that they must re-educate the masses in a more progressive spirit. The Central Committee of the Party met last

December to discuss ideological shortcomings. Novotný, the Chief Secretary, warned against formalism and cosmopolitanism in music, literature and architecture and urged theatres to produce more Soviet and Russian plays. In the scientific field the regime obviously needs the experts trained before the war and Novotný accordingly asked the Party to treat these older scientists with proper respect. Kopecký, the Minister of Culture, speaking at the same meeting, extolled the virtues of socialist realism and urged all artists to use national themes in their work, as the present Communist-led regime was the true heir to all the national traditions of Czechs and Slovaks. He deplored the poverty of satirical writing and called for the provision of more light entertainment to make the life of workers "less dull." It remains to be seen whether the Communists will win their struggle for the minds and souls of the Czechoslovak people. Previous totalitarian regimes have found it most difficult and often impossible to conquer the human soul, but the techniques of Communism used for this purpose have been brought to perfection, if that is the right word to use in this connection. Whatever the outcome of the cold war, victory for the West would be useless if the Communists were to win this ideological fight for the minds of the captive peoples in Eastern Europe. Despite the need for economic and military strength on this side of the Iron Curtain, it must never be forgotten that the West must win the ideological war and that this cannot be done by relying on the resilience of the nations under Communist rule and by telling them of the evils of Communism, of which they have much more knowledge than people in the West. A positive policy, offering a worthwhile alternative, has yet to be found.

JOHN APPLEBY.

ST. TERESA AND ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

IT IS rather more than a year since Edgar Allison Peers died in Liverpool. A man of great activity, he was a student of politics, a great liberal, an apostle of Spanish culture, with a special interest in Catalan; but he was, above all, a specialist on those heights and depths of the spiritual life which come into our minds with the word "mysticism." His speciality was the mystics of Spain, and a short but precious book on them appeared just after his death. But he concentrated above all on Spain's two towering Carmelites, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. In the last book to be published, he reverts to their story and makes a plan of the men, the women and the places connected with it. One can thus see at a glance just where each fits in, when otherwise one might well be confused with the complications and intrigues. This book is a useful work of tabulation—no more. Its interest is that it has to do with these two Spaniards who wrote masterpieces and are high in the history of Spanish literature. They were at the same time classical authorities on the mystical life; yet as they pursue their way to their hiding place of the soul's essential calm in its unity with the Spirit of God, their story is one of combat and of scandal; so fierce is the enmity that they arouse among other Spaniards vowed to the life of prayer. At the last they succeed in

establishing their reform of the Carmelite order and spread a deeper devotion to the inner secret of the spiritual life.

Their story is centred on the walled city of Avila rising above the high plateau of Old Castile. There in 1515 St. Teresa was born; there in 1536 she became a nun; near there St. John was born in 1542. He does not meet St. Teresa, however, till 1567 when, having written "*The Way of Perfection*", she goes to Medina del Campo where he also had become a Carmelite. The following year he joins the Reform she had inaugurated. From 1572 to 1577 he was chaplain to her Convent at Avila while she was often away establishing new Foundations. In 1577 she brought to an end her masterpiece on the whole range of the Mystical life: "*The Interior Castle*". But just at that very time she was encountering the most stormy opposition from other Carmelites, some of whom succeeding in kidnapping St. John of the Cross and carrying him off to Toledo where they treated him with the direst severity. In the midst of these torments he composed some of his finest lyric stanzas. After escaping he resumes his life as a friar and composes two prose treatises on the mystical life. In 1581 he and St. Teresa meet for the last time at Avila. The next year she died at Alba de Tormes and he went to Granada, where he wrote his masterpiece "*The Living Flame of Love*". He held high offices for some time, but was deprived of them in 1591 and shortly afterwards he died. That briefly suggests how these two people fit into the Spain of Philip II.

What is the secret of their grip over the present day? With St. Teresa it is now—as it was always—above all in the hold and radiance of her personality. She had the tastes and social gifts of a distinguished Spanish lady: one of them was a sovereign simplicity, another a zest in life, a third gaiety, and with gaiety went shrewdness and efficiency. "When it is her week to do the cooking," wrote one of her nuns, "they never lack for anything." She detested the people who tried to pass off a pious demeanour as real goodness; such "were saints in their own opinion," she said, "but when I got to know them they frightened me more than all the sinners I had ever met." "God preserve us from religious houses", she wrote again "where they fuss about their personal honour. Such places never do much honour to God." With this utter lack of nonsense about her she was never brusque; on the contrary, she had a natural ease which made men and women adore her. "She was so natural and so courteous", one nun wrote about her, "that no one who looked at her would think that there was anything of the saint about her". "Saints" can too easily repel. She wrote however "I was very fond of being liked by others." "Charm, cheerfulness and high breeding," says the Spanish historian Cabrera, "marked her manners and attested her place in society." To these she added "a tall and well-formed figure, a white complexion, dark curly hair, round dark eyes, a delicately formed nose", and "in dress she was immaculate".

Added to all this she was a writer, mistress of a Castilian fine and racy. Luis de León said that her writings are documents of rare excellence: "In the loftiness of the things she discusses, in the delicacy and luminousness with which she treats them, in the purity and ease of her style, in the happy composition of the words and in an unstudied elegance in the

highest degree delightful, I doubt whether in our language exists any work to equal them. And therefore whenever I read them, the more I marvel. These are the words of a poet who himself wrote excellent prose; there is little anyone can add. The writings of St. Teresa bring us into her presence: they have the frankness of her talk, but a pleasant and indeed a captivating image is at her disposal whenever she wants it, and at times, when the occasion invites it, the words, always telling, are brilliant with the beauty of a heavenly vision.

The prose of St. John of the Cross is far more formal. It is related to his ardent verse, having about it the sense of fervour, of art and of *décor*. It is preoccupied with poetry and beauty. Again and again it is less a paraphrase than an elaboration of the verse. There are long loose sentences, it is true, and awkward parentheses; but, at its best as in "The Living Flame of Love" it is rhythmical, elaborate and picturesque. St. John of the Cross is a poet even in his prose. But what are we to say of his verse? There one great critic after another comes forward with the last word of tribute. Both Menéndez Pelayo and Menéndez Pidal place him on the summit of Spain's lyrical poetry; and, as Damaso Alonso has pointed out more recently, he is acknowledged as Spain's greatest poet because of the quality of a body of work which is extremely small—just a few short poems, but they have such intensity and passion and at the same time such literary subtlety and finish that none surpass them. They give an impression of freshness and virgin purity, like a breeze. The poet was sparing in his use of verbs, still more of adjectives, yet he achieves an effect of both longing and rapture which excel those of our own Donne or the French Ronsard. With poetry of this order the simple verses of St. Teresa cannot compare. Yet they too have their attraction, and Allison Peers points out how much we should miss of St. Teresa were there none of them. The most familiar of them is her bookmark, and that reduces itself to three words: "Only God Sufficeth." *Dios Solo Basta*.

Here then we have two friends occupied in a religious reform who are at the same time writers of supreme skill: they have in their different, almost contrasting ways a power of intimate appeal which time seems only to increase. Never was St. John of the Cross so much read and admired as now, and none can say that St. Teresa's attraction wanes since the time when Richard Crashaw paid her a famous tribute in verse at the same time as Bernini was depicting her in marble. She remains one of the most fascinating women in history. We know now—better than was known then—the whole strange drama of their lives: how these masterpieces were written while the writers were being subjected to storms of persecution, she mocked and insulted, he starved also and thrashed; vile intrigues and calumnies pursued him even beyond the gates of death. Such is the story. Castile and Andalusia with their sweeps of plain, their mountains, their intensity of light, their extremes of keen air and blazing sun, their noble monuments and cities provide the *Mise-en-scene*. That half-oriental air which hangs on from the days of the Moslem conquest throws over all an additional attraction.

But the strong power of these two saints is something more than these—it is their "mystical theology" which means the insight they gained into the secrets of God by no effort of the mind but rather by finding it

stilled in the adoring calm of love. Even in human love, there is the busy person always intent on rendering a service: here is another type which finds that love itself is an absorbing occupation which floods the faculties with rapture and with calm. It keeps the mind fixed on some aspect of the life, the character or the presence of the person loved. So it is in religion. There is the active and the contemplative, and among contemplatives the most blessed are those to whom the offices of prayer and praise are found imperfect in relation to the still communion which is blessedness and love. For St. John of the Cross it was the surrender to purest rapture:

So on his breast I lay reclined
and there I learnt the rarest kind
Of a delicious science.
Then holding nothing back, but all
Surrendering to his charm and thrall,
I did my soul affiancé.

All that I ever did or owned
Was freely to his service loaned
In one bold enterprise.
I have no task: I guard no sheep:
I have no other prize to keep
Love's all my exercise.

That is how he imaged it in "The Song of the Spirit". I stayed and forgot myself," he wrote in "The Dark Night," "laying my cheek against my beloved". And in "The Living Flame":

How mild and ah! how amorous
Thou comest to my heart which lives
Through thine indwelling, secret and alone.
And now thy breathing savourous
Such gracious good and glory gives
That all thy subtlest ardours are mine own.

"I was so ravished, so absorbed and so estranged from myself that my consciousness remained void of every impression". "The sum of knowledge—if you wish to hear—consists in an immediate apprehension of the Being of God—*un subido sentir del Divinal Essencia*." That is how St. John put it in one verse or another. And St. Teresa describes it as a stream of water flowing in to irrigate a garden without any effort of the gardener. It flows in on the soul like rivers of peace. As this stream flows over it the faculties are lulled to sleep and all the worshipper knows is the peace, the quietness, the savour. In "The Interior Castle" she explains how this peace, the recollection of the faculties, becomes habitual. A peace not of this world but of the Christ Himself comes with Him into the depths of the soul. Every word about this rest and this peace wafts to the delicate sense some faint perfume of eternity. Those who know it belong to a brotherhood transcending other categories. They live by it and for it; and so to live is Christ. Those who have tasted of this savour are in the company of these incomparable Carmelites. But to those who know nothing of it every word about it will be what St. Teresa called

algarabia which being interpreted is gibberish. And just because this gibberish opens the everlasting gates for the King of Glory to come in, it is absolutely infuriating to those who talk only the language of their busy virtues. "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit: so it is now." This quotation from St. Paul takes us far through the history, and applies to the present day just as well as when it was written nineteen hundred years ago.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

THE LEGACY OF LOUIS XIV—III

LOUIS XIV lived too long for his reputation, and during the last two decades of his reign he forfeited the respectful admiration which he had enjoyed in his prime. The atmospheric change from the major to the minor key was recorded by many witnesses, with Saint-Simon and Madame, Duchess of Orleans, at their head. He himself was growing old and weary, though he put a brave face on his misfortunes. The distress which had inspired the composition of Vauban's *Dime Royale* rapidly increased as the latest and fiercest of his many conflicts, the War of the Spanish Succession, dragged on year after year, with the scales turning steadily against France under the hammer blows of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. National bankruptcy was in sight. Critical pamphlets and verses began to appear for the first time since the *Mazarinades* in the days of his youth. In 1709 nature conspired to swell the mounting tide of misery with the cruellest and most prolonged winter in the history of France. The young Apollo who had trampled the serpent of faction under his feet and gathered the laurels of victory in a series of campaigns had withered into a disillusioned old man fighting for his life against a coalition provoked by the acceptance for his grandson of the throne of Spain.

He had always been industrious, and when Colbert and Louvois were gone he worked harder than ever. For eight or nine hours daily he presided over the Council of Ministers, studied reports from his Generals, gave audiences to Ambassadors, dictated replies and instructions, and occasionally, as in the correspondence with his grandson the King of Spain, wrote letters in his own hand. It was an exacting profession. The scandals of the early years were now a distant memory, and Mme de Maintenon had little reason to complain. The secret marriage left her official status unchanged. *La veuve Scarron*, ex-governess of the royal bastards, continued to be styled the Marquise de Maintenon, second *dame d'atours* of the Dauphine, but the royal *ménage* told its own tale. From 1685 onwards they were inseparable, and her apartments at the various palaces were connected with his own. His free moments were spent with her, and every evening he worked with one or other of his Ministers in her room. Though she took no part in the discussions she knew everything that was going on, and he discussed his many problems with a cool-headed and sympathetic woman who cared as little for money as for intrigue. "She is a saint," declared the King. "She has all the perfections and plenty of intelligence, and I have none." One

day he remarked: "Madame, a King is called Your Majesty, the Pope Your Holiness, and you should be Your Solidity."

Döllinger's well-known description of Mme de Maintenon as the most influential woman in French history is unjust to Joan of Arc, Catherine de Medici and Mme de Pompadour. That she took a lively interest in ecclesiastical affairs was known to everyone, but here too the King's will was her law. If he was ever influenced by any human being it was by his Jesuit confessors. Knowing the limits of her power she never dreamed of crossing the boundary, for unquestioning subordination was the condition of her hold on that wayward heart. She was fortified by the conviction that her sacrifice—she often felt it to be her martyrdom—was the will of God, that she had rescued the proudest of European monarchs from a life of sin, and that she had enhanced the dignity of the crown. She was also sustained by her love for the Duc du Maine, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and her little girls in the École de Saint-Cyr. Romantic love she had never known, and her second venture was a *mariage de raison*. To understand her character and her trials we must turn from the caricature of Saint-Simon and the malice of Madame to the affectionate record of her beloved secretary, Mlle d'Aumale. Saint-Simon's unscrupulous schemer was a woman of unblemished repute, unfailing tact, culture and refinement. The mud hurled at "the old Sultana" and "Mme Ordure" does not stick. A fairer verdict was recorded at her death in the Journal of Dangeau who had studied her at close range for many years: "a woman of such great merit who had done so much good and prevented so much harm that one cannot praise her too much." That this tribute was denounced by Saint-Simon as "a stinking lie" reflects discredit on the spiteful little Duke, not on the morganatic wife.

"Do you not see that I am dying of grief," she wrote, "and am only saved from collapse by the grace of God? Once I was young and pretty, enjoyed pleasures, and was a general favourite. A little later I spent years in an intellectual circle. Then I came to favour, and I confess it all leaves a terrible void, a disquiet, a weariness, a desire for change." The atmosphere of the Court filled her with disgust, and Mlle d'Aumale often saw her in tears. "I witness every kind of passion, treacheries, meanesses, insensate ambitions, disgusting envy, people with hearts full of rage, struggling to ruin each other, a thousand intrigues, often about trifles. The women of today are insupportable, with their immodest garb, their snuff, their wine, their gluttony, their coarseness, their idleness. I dislike it all so much that I cannot bear it." Yet bear it she did for thirty years. Too reserved to radiate very much warmth, she was respected by those who knew her well and loved by those who knew her best.

Next to Mme de Maintenon the old monarch found his chief happiness in Marie Adelaide, "the Rose of Savoy," the child-wife of the Duc de Bourgogne, who brought a gleam of sunshine into the gloomy halls of Versailles and in the words of Madame, Duchess of Orleans, made everyone feel young again. "She is a treasure," reported Mme de Maintenon to her mother, the Duchess of Savoy. "She is the delight of the King, amusing him with her gaiety and pranks, though she never goes too far. One can talk seriously to her without her being bored. She dislikes flattery and is grateful for advice. She is prettier every day.

She is growing a little and her figure is perfect. She dances well and no one ever possessed such grace. I never exaggerate. No one dreams of spoiling her. Perhaps it will not always be so. Traps are set for princes as for ordinary folk. I hope God will protect her. She fears and loves Him, and has a great respect for religion. Her education has been excellent and her range of knowledge is surprising." Her only failing was a passion for the card table, which the King encouraged by paying her debts. In her combination of youthful levity, natural charm, and warmth of heart she reminds us of Marie Antoinette. During the first phase she appealed more to the King and Mme de Maintenon than to her austere husband, who disliked society and loved to shut himself up with his books; but as motherhood and advancing years ripened her character she learned to appreciate his noble qualities, and it grew into the first happy marriage in the Bourbon family.

When the shadowy figure of the Dauphin, his father's only legitimate child, passed away at Meudon, few tears were shed. The most colourless of the Bourbons had sought relief from his lifelong inferiority complex in the pleasures of the table and the chase; "*sans vice ni vertu*" comments Saint-Simon disdainfully. He had lost his Bavarian wife, and his three sons meant as little to him as he to them. His death at the age of fifty in 1711 was welcomed, not only because it removed the threat of a ruler totally unfitted for his task, but because it opened the way for a successor of exceptional promise. In dynastic autocracies the abilities, virtues and vices of the Royal Family make history. Twice in the course of the eighteenth century there seemed to be a chance of the Monarchy renewing itself, and twice the cup was snatched away by a cruel fate. When the full measure of the unworthiness of Louis XV came to be realised, the nation looked back nostalgically to the Duc de Bourgogne, the pupil of Fénelon. The King was very fond of him, testifies Mlle d'Aumale, and the whole Court adored him. He was born a terror, records Saint-Simon, and during his youth he made his entourage tremble by paroxysms of fury, for he could not bear the slightest opposition. Often there were storms so violent that his body seemed ready to burst. He was obstinate to a degree, with a passion for all kinds of pleasures—good cheer, the chase, music. He radiated intelligence. His repartees were astonishing, his answers pointed and profound, the most abstract subjects his delight. From this blend of dross and precious metal his admirable Governor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, and his Preceptor Fénelon, we are told, fashioned a casket of shining gold. "The marvel was that in a very short time their devotion made him another man, changing his serious faults into corresponding virtues. Out of this abyss we have witnessed the emergence of a prince affable, gentle, human, generous, patient, modest, humble and—for himself—austere. His only thought is to fulfil his duties as a son and a subject as well as those to which he is summoned by destiny." His youthful passion for the card-table had been overcome, and Mme de Maintenon, an exacting critic, described him as a saint.

Among the papers found in his desk after his death was a meditation on the call awaiting him which confirms Saint-Simon's portrait. "Of all the people who compose a nation the one who deserves most pity and receives least is the sovereign. He has all the disadvantages of grandeur

without its delights. Of all his subjects he has the least liberty, the least tranquillity, the fewest moments for himself. Soldiers go into winter quarters, magistrates have vacations, everyone has periods of rest: for the King there are none and never will be. If he changes his residence, his work follows him. A day of inaction involves a crushing task next day or else everything stagnates. His whole life is spent in a whirlpool of business—a round of ceremonies, anxieties, disagreeable tasks, solicitations without end. His plans go wrong. The people, conscious of their evils, ignore his efforts to help. In appointments he seeks for merit but is deceived. He tries to make someone happy, but he reaps discontent and ingratitude. He has palaces which he has not seen and riches which he does not enjoy. He fulfils St. Paul's ideal of a Christian: he has everything and possesses nothing. Strictly speaking he is the poorest of his subjects, for all the needs of the state are his needs and they always exceed his fortune. A father is never rich when his income does not suffice for the sustenance of his children."

The Duc de Bourgogne was fortified by the counsel and affection of friends who composed what Saint-Simon calls "*le petit troupeau*," which stood for piety, austerity and reform. He needed moral support, for the disastrous campaign of 1708, in which he held a high command, had depreciated his stock. The leader of "the little flock" was his ex-Governor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, one of the few stainless figures, *sans peur et sans reproche*, on the crowded stage at Versailles. At his side stood his brother-in-law, the Duc de Chevreuse, who shared his devotion to the heir to the throne. Both of them looked up to Fénelon, who, though banished from the Court, remained in close touch by correspondence. The youngest member of the group was Saint-Simon, who in long private talks urged him to restore the political influence of the *noblesse* when he was called to the helm.

His testing time came sooner than he expected, for his father died of smallpox. During the five days of his illness the Duke and his wife held open court and were equally gracious to all comers. In Saint-Simon's glowing words it was like the coming of the spring. Not only was the whole Court there but "*tout Paris et tout Meudon*" flocked to worship the rising sun. When the news of the Dauphin's death reached Versailles late at night Saint-Simon rushed out of his apartments and found "*tout Versailles*" assembled or assembling, the ladies emerging from their beds or bedrooms just as they were. The new Dauphin—"*tout simple, tout saint, tout plein de ses devoirs*"—embodied the hopes of all that was best in France. He had discussed financial reform with Vauban and was prepared for still more fundamental measures: the machinery of government must be transformed and a popular element introduced. Looking beyond the walls of the palace he longed to aid the common man and the common soldier who had never had their chance. It was a false dawn, for within a year the Dauphin, his wife, and their eldest son died within ten days. For once Saint-Simon, who could love as well as hate, gave way to passionate grief. The Duke, he declares, was born for the happiness of France and all Europe. "We were not worthy of him. I wished to withdraw from the Court and the world, and it needed all the wisdom and influence of my wife to prevent it, for I was in despair."

To the Duc de Beauvilliers he exclaimed after the last scene at St. Denis: "We have been burying France," and Beauvilliers agreed. Their grief was shared by Mme de Maintenon, who wrote to the Princesse des Ursins: "Everything is gone, everything seems empty, there is no more joy. The King does his best to keep up his spirits, but he cannot shake off his sorrow." Never in the history of France has there been such universal regret at the death of a reigning monarch or heir. In the words of Duclos it would have been an era of justice, order and morals.

The Duke of Orleans, now marked out as the future Regent for the little boy of two who was to become Louis XV, shared some of the views of the Duc de Bourgogne, but he never inspired the devotion and respect which had been so widely entertained for the pupil of Fénelon. The three remaining years of the most memorable reign in the history of France were a gloomy time. The routine of Court life, the music, the gambling, continued, but the sparkle had disappeared. The weary old monarch, like Francis Joseph at a later date, plodded joylessly through his papers. The fairest flower of the Court, the only member of the Royal Family whom he had taken to his heart, was sorely missed, and Mme de Maintenon, always a restful rather than an exhilarating influence, was nearing eighty. The victory of Villars at Denain saved the French cause on the brink of catastrophe, and procured an honourable settlement in the Treaty of Utrecht, for the King's grandson retained the Spanish throne. Yet the country was exhausted by half a century of warfare, poverty-stricken and depressed, and the ruler felt that he was no longer beloved. It was time to go, and he died with the dignity which had never deserted him in good and evil times. The sun went down in a bank of dark clouds, for the heir was a delicate lad of five. The second grandson was far away in Madrid and had resigned his claim to the throne. The third grandson, the Duc de Berry, had passed away in 1714. On his deathbed he sent for his great-grandson and addressed the little boy in words which deeply moved all who were present. "My child, you will one day be a great King. Do not imitate me in my taste for war. Always relate your actions to God, and make your subjects honour Him. It breaks my heart to leave them in such a state. Always follow good advice; love your peoples; I give you Père le Tellier as your Confessor; never forget the gratitude you owe to the Duchesse de Ventadour." He embraced the child, gave him his blessing, lifted his hands and uttered a little prayer as he watched him leave the room.

The future of France was constantly in his thoughts. Shortly before his last illness he drafted instructions for his great-grandson which he requested Marshal Villeroy to hand to him on reaching the age of seventeen. "My son, if Providence allows you to shape your own life, receive this letter from the hands of the faithful subject who has promised me to deliver it. You will find therein the last wishes of your father and your King who, in quitting this world, feels a peculiar tenderness for you in your childhood that the troubles he apprehends during your minority cause him more anxiety than the terrors of approaching death. If anything can soften my pain it is the promise of good subjects who have sworn to me to watch over you and shed their blood for your preservation. Reward them and never forget them nor the services of my son the Duc

du Maine whom I find worthy to be placed at your side. This distinction will doubtless be assailed by those whose desire to rule it frustrates. If anything happens to him, or if my dispositions in his favour are set aside, I desire you to restore everything to the position existing at my death, both as regards religion and the Duc du Maine. Have confidence in him. Follow his advice. He is quite able to guide you. If death deprives you of such a good subject, preserve for his children the rank I have bestowed on them and show them all the friendship you owe to their father who has sworn to me only to abandon you at death. Let the ties of blood and friendship ever unite you to the King of Spain and allow no reason or misunderstood political interest to separate you. That is the only way to preserve peace and the European equilibrium. Maintain an inviolable attachment to the common father of the faithful, and never for any reason separate yourself from the bosom of the Church. Place all your confidence in God, live rather as a Christian than a King, and never incur His displeasure by moral irregularities. Thank Divine Providence which so visibly protects this kingdom. Set your subjects the same example as a Christian father to his family. Make them happy if you desire happiness. Relieve them as soon as possible of all the heavy burdens necessitated by a long war which they bore with fidelity and patience. Grant them the long period of peace which alone can restore your kingdom. Always prefer peace to the hazards of war, and remember that the most brilliant victory is too dearly bought at the expense of your subjects' blood, which should only be shed for the glory of God. This conduct will earn the blessing of heaven during your reign. Receive my blessing in this last embrace." Whether the letter was communicated to Louis XV we do not know, but in any case it could have produced little effect. The Duc du Maine was living in enforced retirement, and Cardinal Fleury was in command. The actions and errors of *Le Roi Soleil* spoke louder than the exhortations of a tired old man with one foot in the grave.

Louis XIV, who had raised France to the highest pinnacle, lived long enough to destroy much of his handiwork. "I noticed in my youth," wrote Duclos many years later, "that those who lived longest under his reign were the least favourable to him." He bequeathed a national debt which hung like a millstone round the neck of his descendants, and a system of personal government which only a ruler of equal capacity and industry could operate with success. His fame began to revive when France shed her last illusions about his degenerate successor, and Voltaire saluted the reign of the most decorative of rulers as the most civilised era in the history of mankind.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH AFRICA

WITH an Afrikaner republican party firmly entrenched in power, what future is there for the English in the Union of South Africa? How much of the African sub-continent is likely to remain permanently within the British Commonwealth? Some people of English descent in Southern Africa are asking such questions with

growing anxiety. The first half of the twentieth century has seen changes that make them fearful of what the second half may produce. Fifty years ago what is now the Union of South Africa was manifestly a part of the British Empire. There were four British colonies in which the Union Jack and the English national anthem denoted close association with the Mother Country. The heads of most of the Government departments were Britishers, many of whom could not speak Dutch. Commerce was conducted almost exclusively in English. In the schools of the ex-Boer republics teachers from the British Isles were hopefully striving to transform Dutch children into loyal English-speaking British subjects. In politics there were English parties led by Englishmen who could, and did, become Colonial Premiers. Today no man of British descent sits in the Union Government. For thirty-three years no English party of any size has appealed to the electorate. The Union Jack has been replaced by the Union flag and the English national anthem by "Die Stem van Suid Afrika". The heads of the Government departments are almost exclusively Afrikaners and mostly republican Nationalists. In the schools the cry goes up for more English teachers, because, as a spokesman of the Transvaal Teachers' Association says: "Unless more English-speaking teachers can be found the standard in South Africa will be the lowest of any English-speaking country in the world. There is even the danger of English not being able to hold its own as an official language and dying out in this country".

After a century and a half of race rivalry the Afrikaners have become *baas* and are likely to remain *baas*. Money power and military might were against them. Number was their sole defence. Yet there were only twenty-five thousand of them when Great Britain took over the Cape in 1806, and the racial balance could readily have been brought down on the side of the British. In 1820 some ninety thousand people in the British Isles applied for passages to the Cape, but the British Government sent out only five thousand men women and children. There could have been English immigration in 1857 when settlers were needed for the eastern part of the Cape Colony, but Sir George Grey contracted with a Hamburg firm to transport four thousand Germans who soon swelled the ranks of Afrikanerdom. After the 1899-1902 war Milner tried to increase the English section of the population, but the effort was on too small a scale. Today there are in the Union roughly nine hundred thousand people of British descent and fifteen hundred thousand Afrikaners of Dutch, German and French descent. From a race point of view White South Africa has never been British. Now it never will be. The Afrikaners have the higher birth rate, and under National Party rule there is more immigration from Holland and Germany and Belgium than from the British Isles.

Politically the English *qua* English liquidated themselves in 1921 when their Unionist Party, led by Sir Thomas Smartt, merged its identity in the Afrikaner South African Party in order to give Smuts a majority in Parliament over Hertzog's National Party. Historians may hold that the self-effacement of the English as a separate party was a mistake. They may argue that the English could have held the balance of power between the two Afrikaner parties which came into being after Hertzog broke with

Botha in 1912 and could have defended British ideals more effectively. On the other hand the presence of a purely English party might have instantly reunited the Dutch and given them a permanent majority in a political struggle carried on upon racial lines. Since the Smuts-Smarrt merger there has been no dividing line of race in Union politics. Hertzog countered the alliance with a pact with the almost wholly English Labour Party. He presented the Pact as the defenders of White South Africa against the pressure of the Bantu, and won the 1924 election and remained in office for the next fifteen years. Since the early 1920's the political conflict has been between two big parties, both led by Afrikaners, with English supporters on both sides, though the bulk of the English have remained in the United Party. The rise of secondary industries led to an Afrikaner trek from the countryside into the towns which were once English strongholds in politics. The change has helped to entrench the Nationalists in power. Ten years ago they held only three urban seats in Parliament: now they have twenty-four. Then they held only one seat on the Rand: now they have thirteen. The mainly English United Party—led by J. G. N. Strauss since the death of Smuts in 1950—makes a few converts among the Afrikaners, most of whom dislike its slightly more liberal policy on the colour question. Unless they split, Dr. Malan's National Party seem likely to remain in office for a long time. Afrikanerdom is definitely in the saddle.

Taking a coldly objective view of the race composition of the Union one must conclude that there is little future for the English *qua* English. They are losing ground linguistically as well as politically. There is certainly no future for them as a separate minority group waving the Union Jack, singing "God Save the Queen," and forming devolution leagues and federal parties in the vague hope of creating an English enclave which might eventually link up with a new British Dominion north of the Limpopo. There is no future in the Union for English insularity, isolationism, or ideas of superiority. But apart from a small die-hard group disposed to retire into their Ivory Tower and let the South African world go by, the mass of the people of British descent are now content to be South Africans first. Most of them were born in the Union. There are probably fewer than 100,000 individuals who in their census papers return their birthplace as England—and among them what is called "the climate of opinion" is more akin to Afrikanerism than to the Britishism which was a powerful emotional force in South Africa fifty years ago. The English are fast becoming bilingual and will have no difficulty in fitting themselves into a community in which the language of the majority will always be Afrikaans. The "dual loyalty" of which Hertzog used to complain is waning. The sense of national oneness is growing.

If the English have become to some extent Afrikanerised the Afrikaners have also become Anglicised. A Professor from a university in Holland who spent many months in the Union saw that the Dutch had also been influenced by long contact with another race. In a public address he said: "As a social animal the Afrikaner belongs to the species called British. . . . The effect of this Anglicising process is a strange anomaly of which the Afrikaners are apparently unaware. Their outlook on life,

their conception of the world abroad, their method of government, business administration and forms of social intercourse, bear the trade mark: Made in England. A foreign observer will notice this similarity more easily than an Afrikaner who, intent on being and proving himself un-English, is more keenly aware of the little differences that make his Afrikaans individuality". People abroad get the impression that the two White races in South Africa are constantly at loggerheads and that there is a danger that one day the Union may split into fragments. The atmosphere is never as highly charged as that. In daily life the English and the Afrikaners associate on the friendliest terms. There is no barrier in religion. Inter-marriage is common. In sport, business and social life there is no dividing line of race. Moreover there is a powerful unifying force that is drawing English and Dutch together even in the sphere of politics. It is the vital all-important need for maintaining White civilisation and White supremacy in face of the rising tide of Black nationalism. Confronted by a common danger the Whites in South Africa are forming a racial amalgam more easily than are the English and the French in Canada, where religion is an obstacle to integration.

Whether the Union of South Africa will remain permanently in the British Commonwealth will depend in the long run upon the policy of Great Britain on issues affecting the security and the authority of the White race in the African sub-continent, and among those issues is the future of the High Commission Territories or the Protectorates as they are often called. If Socialist ideologues in Britain try to extend Gold Coastism from Lagos to the Lion's Head the loyalty of even the ultra-British in Southern Africa will be strained to breaking point. At the moment there seems to be a disposition in Great Britain to regard the Union as lost to the Commonwealth and to attempt to replace it by a new British Dominion untroubled by Afrikanerism, republicanism, bilingualism and Apartheid. Hence the formation of the Central African Federation composed of Southern Rhodesia, in which the Blacks outnumber the Whites by twelve to one; Northern Rhodesia, where the Whites are outnumbered by forty to one; and Nyasaland, in which the Whites are outnumbered by five hundred to one. This Federation, in which there are only 215,000 Whites to 6,500,000 Blacks, is to be based upon a so-called "partnership" of White and Black so cunningly devised that the Whites "will never surrender political power" and will retain "social and residential separation". If the leaders of the Natives ever accept such a premiss it will only be to recoil a little in order to leap the batter. In the end they will demand Gold Coastism; and with a Socialist Government in power in Great Britain they would doubtless get their way.

But whatever the reaction of the other parties to the Federation may be, the 160,000 Whites in Southern Rhodesia will never consent to be ruled by Blacks. Rather than that they will move into the orbit of the Union. The gap between English and Dutch in the African sub-continent can be bridged far more easily than that between White and Black. Both are moved by the instinct of self-preservation which is proverbially the first law of Nature. The English in South Africa are more deeply concerned about their survival as Whites than they are about their

survival as English. They realise that the issue which overshadows all others is not whether Briton is to dominate Boer or Boer to dominate Briton, but whether in the end the Bantu may not dominate both.

Johannesburg.

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AND SO TO MADEIRA

IF IT IS true that a land with no history must be full of happiness then the island of Madeira, out in the Atlantic, was an enviable place until the year 1418 when for the first time it heard the voices of men. One Zarco, a captain in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator, had been despatched from Portugal on an expedition to the south and he had made a landfall on a small island which he called Porto Santo. While he returned to the mainland with the news of this discovery his men had been gazing across the water to the south-west and what they saw had filled them with apprehension. The dark shape of some unknown object rose mightily out of the sea; and, in order to placate it, they frequently crossed themselves. But when the gallant Zarco came back he did not simply wait for the monster to descend upon them; overcoming the reluctance of his men he put out to sea, ready to attack whatever he might encounter, and presently he set foot upon a land extremely mountainous and wooded, for which reason he called it Madeira, which in Portuguese is the word for wood.

For seven years the Portuguese burned the forests round the southern bay in order to prepare the land for vineyards. The butt of Malmsey, in which the Duke of Clarence drowned himself, is the sweet variety of Madeira wine. "A cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg," says Shakespeare in "Henry IV." Particularly after the marriage of Charles II with Catherine of Braganza this wine was sent in ever increasing quantities to Britain and it is interesting to know that the first British consul appointed to any country was one Carter who was sent to Madeira in 1658; the most famous of his successors was Henry Veitch who was the sole British personage allowed on board H.M.S. *Northumberland* when she was taking Napoleon to St. Helena. At Napoleon's request he brought him fruit, wine and books, for which the ex-Emperor paid in French gold coins and these were placed by Veitch under the foundation-stone of the English church which was consecrated for worship in 1822. As at that time the authorities did not permit a non-Catholic church to have the appearance of one, this English church with its portal of Ionic pillars looks rather like a library. Some years later when the Scottish church was built the Portuguese were more tolerant, so that the Presbyterian church does indeed look like a church. Many were the Scots who came to Madeira after the '45; the oldest wine shippers are the Leacocks, the first of that name having started in the wine trade in 1747 and the present head of the firm is a lineal descendant. There was a time when the wine was sent on a long sea voyage; for instance in October 1799 a fleet of nearly 100 English vessels was anchored in the Bay of Funchal to load more than

3,000 pipes—a pipe, by the way, is 92 gallons—for the Antilles, whence most of it was brought back to England. Nowadays the same result upon the wine is secured by placing it for six months in an "Estufa" at a temperature of between 130 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit. The most important vessels that Madeira sees today are the Union-Castle liners which in alternate weeks stop on their way to the Cape at Madeira and the Canaries. And, talking of heat, thanks to the surrounding ocean the seasons are retarded, the warmest months being September and October, so that a wise traveller will take advantage of the reduced steamer and hotel rates from the middle of May until September. The average temperature in Madeira during June and July is 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the 16th century Custom-House at the harbour you will find a gaily-coloured old book of the four Gospels on which you can swear that you have nothing to declare. And as you drive away through wildly romantic country the very hedgerows are formed mostly of myrtle, rose, jasmine and honeysuckle. As a change from driving in a car along the admirable roads that climb with numerous hair-pin corners across the island one can lie in a bullock-cart, the two attendants of which resemble Edwardian tennis-players in their uniforms of white duck and straw hats with pale-blue ribbons; every now and then they grease the runners of the cart by placing under them a roll of sacking filled with tallow. You can also travel in a hammock; but perhaps the greatest novelty for visitors is to toboggan down the steep cobbled roads into the town. Talking of steepness, it is from the mountains, rising above 6,000 feet, that a splendid irrigation system brings water to the farmers by means of canals that go down and through the mountains. Once a fortnight the farmer is allowed so many hours of water—what he does not use on his land he can store in cisterns—and this operates so efficiently that no complaints are ever made, at any rate not in public, as one can hear in Spain at the celebrated Water Tribunal which meets behind the cathedral in Valencia.

In every hamlet you find women at work on the world-famous Madeira embroidery, the linen coming from Ireland, the organdie from Switzerland, the thread from Britain and France. This exquisite work was not native in origin, having been introduced in 1850 by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Phelps, who started a school of embroidery in Funchal, where the girls quickly became very expert. Today some of the factories employ as many as 200 girls and a few mere men who design, print, perforate and so forth the miscellaneous articles which have been or are to be embroidered by the thousands of hands all over the island. So lovely are the tablecloths and handkerchiefs that, for instance, when the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art asked for half a dozen samples and a dozen were sent the Museum asked if they might keep them all. There is a notable difference between the flower-sellers around Piccadilly Circus and those who ply their trade in the streets of Madeira, for these have to be arrayed in the hallowed national costume, a bright red cape edged with gilt and a red skirt with stripes of blue and gold.

One of the most interesting places in Funchal is the Museum, where the bodies or skeletons of marine creatures are displayed. There, at your ease, you can examine the barracouta that frequents the troubled waters between the Lighthouse Island and the eastern promontory, where

opposing currents meet in a mad tum... and spray. There you will find a giant ray, with a wing-span of 14 to 15 feet, which was harpooned after a five-hour struggle; such a creature is usually accompanied by several brightly-striped pilot-fish, which flicker nervously about him, and a couple of large sucker-fish, adhering to his back, which only leave when the monster dies. There you have the tunny, that great traveller of the deep, which falls to the bait of mackerel. A local expert told me that he hooked his last tunny at a depth of 1,000 feet and there was another 2,000 feet below him. The curator of the Museum is much indebted to a collaborator, the *alepisaurus ferox* (which, he tells me, is too rare to have an English name). This wild lizard without scales was first described about 100 years ago by the Rev. T. R. Lowe, the British chaplain, who was an excellent naturalist. It lies some 600 feet under the surface of Madeira's waters and has the convenient habit of swallowing but not quickly digesting anything it comes across. The Principal of the Museum has an arrangement with the fishermen who, when they bring one in, remove its stomach and give him the contents. This has resulted in a number of rare fish and other sea animals being added to the Museum. It is not only because one may encounter unfriendly inhabitants of the sea that bathing off the coast is to be deprecated. The coast, as a rule, fringed with rocks against which one may be thr... Therefore three spacious Lidos have been constructed, one of which is public, while the other two are owned by the chief hotels, Reid's and the Savoy. It is pleasant enough to stroll down to one's Lido through gardens of orchids, but to climb back to the hotel would be too arduous; and so one makes the ascent of 150 feet in a lift.

Talking of gardens, there lies, high up in the hills, the unique botanical gardens of the Blandy family, who came out from Britain a long time ago. There you find some 800 different trees from South America, South Africa and the Himalayas, acres of blue and white agapanthus and tens of thousands of camellia bushes. Nearer to Funchal is a tulip-tree, a venerable relic planted by Captain Cook when in 1772 he landed on his last and most famous expedition to the Pacific. This tree is in the glorious garden of Walter Grabham, who was born in Madeira, his mother, a Blandy, having been the sister of Lady Kelvin. One can still see in Funchal harbour the remnants of the first tidal gauge which Lord Kelvin, long before he rose to that dignity, built there to pursue his pioneer work on ocean tides. Funchal has seen other scientists—H.M.S. Challenger touched there when outward bound in 1873 and on her return voyage in 1876. Half a century later the Danish Expedition ship Dana, whose leader the great biologist Dr. Johannes Schmidt solved the mystery of the migrations and propagations of the common eel, was in Funchal. And the other day the Swedish Professor Pettersson, in command of the good ship Albatross, sojourned for a while in Madeira on his way to investigate the great depths of the ocean bed. Of course in Madeira, which he calls a roseate dream floating on a sea of lapis lazuli, he was suitably entertained, as indeed he was on an atoll in the Pacific where a monogamous King David likes his health to be drunk in nothing stronger than coconut juice. When you visit one of the Madeira wine cellars you will be asked to sample a Solera reserve of 1792, or perhaps a rare Buol of

1808 or an exquisite Buol Solera of 1826. But the vineyards have had their vicissitudes; in the terrible year 1852 a fungus blight, *Oidium Tuckerii*, all but completely laid them waste. With the aid of sulphur the blight was checked; then, however, in 1873 came an insect pest—*Phylloxera vastatrix*—which settled on the roots of the vines, sapped their life-blood and killed them outright. Recourse was had to American vines resistant to phylloxera, but the resulting quality was poor until, by grafting shoots from surviving *Verdelho* vines onto the imported stocks, grapes of good quality and resistance were obtained and the vine industry revived. A good many farmers, however, have gone over to the production of bananas, as far less care needs to be lavished on a banana tree than on a vine. Whether it be vines or bananas, most of them are grown by small farmers who, in the old feudal fashion, pay half of their crops to the landlord in lieu of rent. Land in Madeira is immensely valuable, the cost of an agricultural estate being higher than what in other countries is paid for land for building purposes.

In the days of the above-mentioned Henry Veitch the Committee of the English Factory was all-powerful. In 1826 they were startled by the report that a daily newspaper was to be printed in Funchal. The sum of 600 milreis was immediately set apart for the protection of any British subject who might be attacked in the columns of the much-dreaded paper. As a matter of fact the relations between Portuguese and British have been cordial, even when for some years in the Napoleonic epoch British troops were quartered in Madeira. And it was economically an excellent thing for the island when in the last war 2,000 Gibraltarians were placed there by the British authorities.

Many a British visitor has experienced that Portuguese word which is on the tomb of Prince Henry the Navigator—*Saudade*, infinite longing and regret—when he finds that the funds he has been allowed to bring with him will not permit a longer stay in this delectable island. But every effort is made. For instance there was a dance at which a lady from London appeared in a model gown and when the British consul's wife admired it the visiting lady said at once that she could have it for £16. I have heard that a passenger returning from Madeira is allowed by the Customs to bring in free of charge one piece of those beautiful embroideries. To do so, apart from all else, makes the journey well worth while. . . . And where else can one see cows fed on arum lilies? Another animal that lives in luxury is the turkey which, for a few weeks before Christmas, has a diet of walnuts and wine.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

REMY DE GOURMONT

COMMONPLACE though it may be, it is hard to avoid comparing Remy de Gourmont to a diamond of many facets, always throwing out light, and always encouraging others to see. He was a poet, playwright, story-teller, novelist, literary critic, scientific critic, and finally a philosopher. Add to this the fact that he and Anatole France were two of the finest stylists who lived into this century and there is enough to

arouse the admiration of the less gifted. It was not that superficial gloss that has won a reputation for so many critics, but a capacity to take the lead in any department of mental activity that attracted him at the time. Louis Denise, when founding the *Mercure de France* in 1889 proposed inviting Remy to join them with these words; "C'est un homme extraordinaire, qui sait tout. Il a déjà publié dix volumes (he was thirty-one at that date) et cent articles sur tous les sujets. Il ne jure que par Villiers, écrit en ce moment un roman qui sera une révélation. Il vit à l'écart, ne fréquente aucun de nos milieux littéraires, n'allant ni au François Ier, ni au Vachette, ni au Voltaire, ni au Chat-Noir, ni à la nouvelle Athènes. Il n'a collaboré à aucune de nos petites revues. Mais il a lu nos moindres essais". This statement is highly interesting in that it shows clearly one or two features of Remy's character. He preferred, as he says himself, always to study the works and not the comments of critics on the works of notable authors. Yet he wanted affection from his fellow men, and thus made a clear distinction between his literary work and his every day relations with his family and friends. Obviously, it would be impossible to deal, save superficially, with this many-sidedness. It will suffice to mention one or two of his poems, a sentence or two from his prose poems, his introduction to *Le Latin Mystique* and then to pass on to his *Promenades Philosophiques*, which have, perhaps, been less studied than his *Promenades Littéraires*.

As a poet he was always simple and had much love for nature. But he was also artificial, like the diamond, a work of man's art and at the same time a product of nature. He was much delighted by flowers and woods, yet he is on occasion reminiscent of Baudelaire, whose poetic gift was undoubtedly greater. Remy writes;

Simone, il y a un grand mystère

Dans la forêt de tes cheveux.

There is always a mystical background to his poems, which may explain his love for mediaeval Latin.

Nous penserons à Dieu, à nous, à bien des choses,

Au chien qui nous attend, aux roses du jardin.

The names of flowers fascinate him as do the poplars in autumn,

Les peupliers nus frissonnent-leur feuillage n'est mort, il danse, il danse, il danse encore.

As an example of his poetic prose, the *Pèlerin du Silence* should suffice. In "*Portail*" he writes; "Aux matines de notre amour le ciel fut blanc et miséricordieux:". Both the picture and the prose rhythm are almost unforgettable, and here it seems that there is nothing artificial. It is simple feeling, simple poetry. His description of the asphodel, although clearly a work of conscious art, is likewise worth recording. "Asphodèle, épi royal, sceptre incrusté de rêves, reine primitive induite en la robe étroite des Pharaons". But *Le Livre des Litanies*, containing comments on the many flowers that the poet loved, is beautiful with occasional gems, but it is a studied beauty. His preface to *Le Latin Mystique* begins boldly and strikingly enough. "C'est de la langue et de la poésie latines que je vais parler, d'une certaine langue latine, de celle qui va du cinquième au treizième siècle et au delà, de Saint Augustin à Thomas à Kempis, des *Confessions* à l'*Imitation*". It is a most attractive book and is but another

example of his diamond-like facets. His *Promenades Philosophiques* show an extraordinary breadth and, one may also say, depth of outlook and insight. In the three volumes there are ninety-one essays on such diverse subjects as "Une loi de Constance Intellectuelle", "Le sens topographique des fourmis" (personal observations), "Herbert Spencer," "l'Art de voir", "L'Illusion du joueur", etc. On every subject he writes something of interest and even if his views are not always accepted they cannot ever be ignored.

Particularly is this true of his views on evolution, which he seems to have accepted somewhat uncritically, since it still remains a pious belief, or as others would say, an impious belief. Jacob, whose study of Remy was published by the University Press of Illinois University nearly twenty-three years ago, is much perturbed by Remy's long essay "Une Loi de Constance Intellectuelle", because he obviously had not any personal knowledge of the problem and could not realise that Remy was no more incorrect than the current views, and probably with the insight of a true poet possibly nearer a faithful picture of man than the rest. His final paragraph is worth quoting; "La constance est la raison de l'évolution et l'évolution est la condition de la constance. Quant au progrès sentimental dont les foules s'énivrent, et dont il est bon qu'elles s'énivrent, comme le dit M. Jules de Gaultier, si sa réalité matérielle est un fait d'évolution, sa réalité intellectuelle est un fait de constance. Notre état de civilisation est le produit momentanément final d'une intelligence qui, invariable en son principe, se diversifie par l'accumulation de ses conquêtes; mais on reconnaîtra, aux exemples que j'en ai donnés, que ces mêmes conquêtes prouvent qu'il n'est pas chimérique d'essayer de poser, en l'introduction à l'histoire de l'humanité, une loi de constance intellectuelle". This, naturally, would upset the orthodox. In spite of Remy's insistence on the discovery of fire, and its portability as the greatest mental conquest of man, they were obliged to ignore such a suggestion. What would become of all the illustrations of primitive man, drawn accordingly to the fond fancy of the artist, which occupy so prominent a place in text books? Once admit Remy's idea, and Huxley's pathetic picture of the evolution of the horse, so beautifully illustrated by Osborn, would have to go, for not one of the putative ancestors for the horse put forward so dogmatically by Huxley is today accepted. Remy did think, and no doubt that faculty will result in his becoming one with Nineveh and Tyre.

His own observations on the topographical sense of ants are highly instructive and serve to demonstrate how necessary are brains, using the word in its accepted sense, even in an observer. "In topography," he writes, "the earth, according to the manuals, is considered as a plane." This aphorism, according to his observations, applies with great accuracy to the ant-world. The scene represents the wall of a house and the land that stretches in front of this wall. There is an ant-hill at the further end, at the base of a shrub, ants are to be met all day in front of the house. Some are going off, others are returning, generally bringing some booty. "I choose one ant", writes Remy, "on a low step and follow all its movements until it reaches the nest. It carries a burden but in spite of that moves agilely enough. The ground is somewhat rough. I have always observed that ants, even where the ground is level, do not return home in a

straight line. My ant hesitates a lot. One would have thought that the wall at the foot of which it was going would have guided it as it would an animal with appreciable weight; for the ant the wall did not exist. I watched it pass from the horizontal to the vertical plane, and reciprocally, as if the line joining the two planes were imaginary. I saw it go up the wall at least three or four times, come down again, go round about on the soil, then go up again. It ascended so high that I thought it had lost its way. But how can one lose one's way on a vertical surface if one has any sense of the vertical? It is obvious that it believed itself always on horizontal ground, and had the sensation of going to the left and right of the road that led it to the nest. This observation was confirmed a few days later by an ant with booty climbing straight up a pine tree. Suddenly it crossed over, came down, went round the tree, ascended and descended again, and finally disappeared among the branches. It had certainly lost its way. So, for ants in particular, the world must be a plane". It does not seem that observations like these have been recorded anywhere else. One would like to have mentioned the illusion of the gambler who always finds an excuse for his failure. But, however incorrect this illusion may be, writes M. Cornetz, which accompanies man during his lifetime, it is a necessary condition of his existence, a precious product of the vital instinct.

Finally, in *L'Art de Voir*, Remy discusses the sorrows of Professor Claparède, of the psychological department of Geneva University. He first mentions Froude as an observer. Froude said that he saw at his feet, in a plain traversed by a river, a town of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, not one of which has ever known or would ever know the slightest anxiety about its three meals a day. Now Adelaide stands on high ground, and at the time when Froude visited it, its population, half the size he stated, was suffering from a terrible famine. "Nothing", writes Remy, "is more difficult than what is too easy". Owing to some peculiarity of building, there is at the University of Geneva a large window opening inside on the left as one enters past the concierge's lodge, and opposite it. Claparède asked fifty-four students about the existence of this window, by which they passed every day. Forty-four categorically denied that such a window existed. Claparède declared that collective evidence of this kind is discouraging and disconcerting. Who would not agree with him? asks Remy. He proceeds to analyse the reasons for this depressing state of affairs and comes to the conclusion that people generally answer according to what they think probable without any reference to the actual evidence. He advises approximation as the best we can aim at where our sight is concerned, which is rather a counsel of despair. Space does not permit the further mention of various other interesting subjects that provoked an essay from Remy de Gourmont, though there are many, Ruskin, Pain, Boredom, Accident. But what it has been possible to give should show very clearly the astounding range of Remy de Gourmont's vision. Nor should it be forgotten that all these essays are written in the most lucid and attractive language, and that the dictum of Rivaril, whom he admired so much, can be applied to his writing, "What is not clear is not French".

G. W. HARRIS.

THE FOURTH GIORGIONE

IN 1468 James II, King of Cyprus, married Caterina Cornaro, then just fourteen years old, whose father, a Venetian merchant, was one of the counsellors of the Doge. He, seeing the commercial advantages of the union, lost no time in proclaiming the young bride "Daughter of the Republic of Saint Mark", and gave her a dowry of no less than a hundred thousand ducats. A year or two later, James II died—of Venetian poison—according to the chroniclers of the time and the young widow deeded her realm to the Republic. Thus Cyprus became a Venetian colony, and the man through whom Caterina Cornaro first met her husband, the condottiere Tozio Constanzi, went into retirement, after a life full of vicissitude and excitement. The little town of Castelfranco, in which Constanzi had settled, also sheltered a young painter named Giorgio, or Giorgione, as he is usually called. Giorgione da Castelfranco had learnt to paint in Venice, as Giambellino's pupil, whose skill, in time, he far surpassed. When Giorgione was twenty (he was born in 1478), Constanzi commissioned him to paint a Madonna for his chapel. This painting, depicting the Madonna with Saint Francis and Saint Liberalis, is the first of the only three paintings known to art historians as wholly and truly the work of Giorgione himself. It may still be seen in Castelfranco, as the main ornament of the parish church. The frescoes with which he adorned Constanzi's chapel have vanished with the very walls themselves.

A similar fate also befell the other frescoes which the young Giorgione had painted. Of his frescoes on the external walls of the Loredan, Grimani, Flangini, and Soranzo palaces in Venice none now survive, eaten away by the salt-laden air of the lagoon city. Yet we know how they looked from the etchings of the Venetian Zanetti who, in the eighteenth century, used some of the still surviving figures as models in his own work. From these we see that Giorgione was, as it were, the first realist, for he did not hesitate to include scenes of everyday life with his scenes taken from mythology. We may reasonably assume, moreover, that the "worthy companions among the Italians" whom Durer met in Venice, would have included Giorgione, for at the very time the German artist was painting his canvas of the Rosary for San Bartolomeo, Giorgione was painting his frescoes for the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the new headquarters of the German guild built by Girolamo Tedesco on the Doge's orders after the previous one was burnt down in 1505. No less a master than Titian helped to paint these frescoes, and he too helped, for instance, to finish the "Slumbering Venus" (Dresden), which Giorgione left unfinished when, in 1510, he succumbed to the plague. These frescoes of the Fondaco were also eaten away by the sea air. As a result, until twenty years ago, only two other pictures, indubitably attributable to Giorgione, were known to exist. Of these, the "Storm", known also as the "Family of Giorgione", was still drawing wondering sightseers to the Palazzo Giovanelli in Venice, until thirty years ago. The owner then being in need of money, an American museum offered Prince Giovanelli no less than five million dollars for it. However, the Italian government then intervened, and pressed an edict banning the export of old art treasures. Thus, all the owner could then do was to sell the picture to

the Italian government for five million lire. Now it hangs in the Accademia delle belle Arti in Venice, and is a three-star attraction to foreign visitors. The third indubitably authentic Giorgione is "The Philosophers", the property of the former Imperial Picture Gallery at Vienna; this is also known by the title, "The Three Surveyors". As proof of the authenticity of these three pictures, and that they are entirely, and not only in part, by Giorgione, we have not only evidence of his style, but documentary proof also, whereas, for each of the other works attributed to this painter, such as the "Concert Champêtre" in the Louvre, or the "Concerto di Musica" in the Pitti in Florence, similar conclusive proof is unavailable.

In the last twenty years, however, better and more adequate evidence has come to light, for, since May 1st, 1934, in the first room of the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, there has been exhibited the portrait of a woman, now established as having certainly been painted, and wholly painted, by Giorgione, and this has been fully proved. The story goes thus: Some thirty years ago Dr. Johannes Wilde, pupil of the celebrated Max Dvořák and then an assistant at the Kunsthistorisches Museum at Vienna, began to give his attention to the Venetian paintings hanging in a side gallery, shut to the public. Such a gallery is no lumber-room, where pictures are crowded together and left to the dust and dirt, but an exhibition room reserved for pictures of minor interest to the public, those needing to be restored to repair new-found defects. Many look as though they have been through the wars, for where the paint has blistered or the surface damaged, they are covered with first-aid bandages and patches to stop the spread of decay. Here, in this gallery, Dr. Wilde was struck by a picture which in the ninth volume of his monumental history of Italian painting Venturi described as "Poetessa", by the painter Boccaccino. Evidently the painting has been named "The Poetess" because of the laurel sprays which form the background to the portrait of a woman; yet it was by no means clear why she was shown with her breast uncovered. Dr. Wilde therefore decided to consider the laurels a symbol, and to rename the picture "Laura". When, however, the painting was taken down and Dr. Wilde has studied it more closely, a vague feeling told him that the work was not necessarily by Boccaccino, but might be by another painter. Versed as he is in Venetian painting, what struck him was "Laura's" resemblance to the woman shown in Giorgione's "The Storm". And after an enlargement of the head had been prepared it was no mere resemblance which became apparent. Both pictures had clearly been painted from the same model. This, then was evidence of the model, though not of the painter. Giorgione had not necessarily employed the same model twice; the picture might be by another artist. Yet when the back was carefully examined, an indistinct and half obliterated inscription was found. With patience, a knife or scraper, and special chemicals, the stubbornest coats of dirt may be removed. Armed with his patience and the restorer's tools, Dr. Wilde removed the layers of dirt and, letter by letter, deciphered the following lines: "1506 a di primo zugno fo fatto questo de man de maestro zorzi da chastelfranco chollega de maestro vinzenzo chatena ad istanzia de misse giacomo. . . ." which, being translated, reads: "1506, on the first of June, this was completed

(made) by the hand of Master Giorgio of Castelfranco, a colleague of Master Vincenzo Catena, at the bidding of Master Giacomo. . . ." And this signature, indisputably in Giorgiones hand, provided even stronger proof of the authenticity of this picture.

From all over the world came the experts, with Professor Venturi himself among them, and all were obliged to admit that it was indeed a true Giorgione, the fourth to come to light to the world of art. Even then, however, the secret was not revealed to the outside world, for not until 1931 did Dr. Wilde, in an article in the *Jahrbuch der preussischen Kunstsammlungen* write about his tremendous discovery. To ordinary visitors, however, the picture continued inaccessible. First had to be discovered how it had got to Vienna, but old catalogues revealed that even in the 17th century it was in the possession of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, Governor of the Austrian Netherlands, for a number of illustrations of Schleissheim Castle comprising a sort of catalogue of the archducal collection showed the painting "Laura" among them. True, her bared bosom had meanwhile been modestly painted over, but overpainting can easily be removed. True again, the corners were cut off, but evidence remained that while in this condition Karl IV had it built into a wall in the Stallburg, where it had so remained for at least two years. Finally, in December 1933, it was decided to undertake the hazardous task of restoration. The overpainting was two hundred years old. Sebastian Isepp, a Carinthian, after softening the surface of the paint with chemicals, scraped it away with a fine knife. The small areas about the mouth and eyes which had been destroyed, were not replaced. The cut-off corners were however restored; the upper two to show a simple dark background. But in the lower right-hand corner a part of the dress was restored, and in that on the left, part of the hand was completed. Today, in her ruby-red gown, trimmed with brown fur, which blends miraculously with the olive green laurel sprays,—in the *Kunsthistorisches Museum* in Vienna, hangs "Laura", the fourth Giorgione in the history of art.

JOSEPH KALMER.

WHAT LIES BEHIND FAIRY TALES?

EVERYONE is aware at times of an echo of significance in an old tale. *Beauty and the Beast* we say, and a moral bell rings in our minds. *Jack the Giant Killer* we think, and note that children must be taught to face their giant fears. In an essay in his book *Liberties of the Mind* Charles Morgan goes further insisting gently that in the old fairy tale the values are those of the spiritual world. This is a suggestion worth pursuing. The fairy tale with which we are concerned is the traditional folk tale handed down by word of mouth. In detail it may be German, French or English but in broad outline it may be found anywhere between Iceland and India. There are, for instance, we are told more than two hundred versions of *Cinderella*. The tales most often told in these days of print were amassed in France in the late seventeenth century by Perrault, whose collection includes *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella*, *Puss in Boots* and *Red Riding Hood*. In the early nineteenth century the

brothers Grimm added their contribution. Such stories share the character of myth and proverbial saying being depositaries of early wisdom. Like dreams they have meanings at different levels. The surface meaning, say of *Cinderella*, is obvious, the deeper meaning is hidden. On the surface the position is that of any little girl with older sisters: *they* go to the grown-up party *she* stays at home. *She* has to do all kinds of uncongenial tasks like eating her porridge (or is it spinach today?) and tidying away her toys, *they* go off with curled hair, the loveliest of dresses and, what she sees much more clearly, slippers so very unlike her own! Every child as she listens is Cinderella, waiting for the magic and the Prince. It is the normal fairy-tale situation: Jack, Hansel and Gretel, or Cinderella against the evil hosts of witches, giants, stepmothers, wicked uncles and the like. And the weak thing plus magic, and enchantment—or is it grace?—wins. On the surface the evil is the normal inhabitant of the child's world. Mother who in her kindness is a fairy godmother, becomes a wicked stepmother or a witch. Father, the all-powerful and good father rarely appears his place being taken by wicked uncles and long-legged giants. Herein lies the fascination of the tale for the child. In it he sees his own situation, Mother kind, Mother cross, Father loving, Father big and angry, and sees himself by enchantment as conqueror.

Primarily, however, the tales are adult tales reflecting life more profoundly than is sometimes suspected. Three main types may easily be distinguished: first, those that deal with the initiation or passage from childhood to maturity; second, those that give definite warning of evil and its results; and third, tales that concern the whole of life conceived as a journey and give light on the Way. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is probably the best example of the first type. It appears to belong to the Cornish people, and unlike *The Sleeping Beauty* suggests a pre-Christian era. The situation is familiar. Jack is at the end of his childhood. He has suddenly discovered that his home is a poor one, that is that it no longer satisfies him, being too small, too limited. His father is dead, meaning that the young adolescent finds no longer the hero of his childhood; "Daddy" is no more. Mother, being necessary in Jack's eyes is alive but alienated. And the old cow no longer gives milk! In other words the spiritual sustenance once offered in the love of Mother and home is no longer suited to the growing boy, and as it has dried up he must seek further driven by his need. So he sells the old cow of his mother's care, at least he tries to market it but instead exchanges it for five shining beans. Beans are sustenance, it is true, but they are also seed. These were shining and new and a great treasure to Jack. He displayed them to his mother on his return; the new world he saw with his new eyes, the fine sounds he heard with his new ears, the smells of his new world, its taste, its ravishing touch. Five beans, five senses newly thrilled to the growing life within him, the awakening of new instincts. His mother might have brought them into the home, where they might have grown but she wanted none of his growth and she pitched them out of the window. They grew. From them came the great beanstalk of Jack's new manhood that would carry him into maturity. So Jack climbed his beanstalk to find at the top a little home so like his own, a little old woman so like the mother down below, a world so like yet, seen objectively for the first time, so

unlike the world of childhood. Unlike especially it was since in it dwelled the Giant, the evil to be overthrown by Jack alone in his new strength, his childhood now behind him. The battle is threefold suggesting a Christian accretion: in the first round Jack seizes the means of sustenance, the hen and its eggs; in the second round the money bags fall to him, and so the flesh and the world overcome, he faces the Giant himself and in the conquest of the devil the beanstalk of adolescence ceases to be and Jack back home is a man in full possession of his man's heritage. He has grown up, and that the old tale says is how it is achieved.

In *Red Riding Hood* we have a typical warning tale. Little girls who disobeyed and wandered about in the waste lands round the early settlements got lost and the wolves ate them. That was true in fact. Until the seventeenth century it was possible in England as it is still possible in European forest areas. The rescue by the woodman is probably an addition, the real Red Riding Hood perished like her grandmother. But the tale is a more subtle warning. The wolf, unlike the bear, in all northern literature is a symbol of evil. Fenir, the evil bound by Tyr, (Tuesday's god) at the cost of his right hand was incarnate as a wolf. Dante and T. S. Eliot, both accept and use the wolf symbol. There are no men in the older versions. Grandmother, and mother wrap the child in their life-blood, a red cape for living; she is to be a child, their child for ever, going only from one to the other. But even that is unsafe. She must cross the waste land, and alone, as we all do however well protected. On the famous day the child disobeys by loitering, picking flowers, (a sort of primrose path?) and finally like Eve engages in conversation with the animal-tempter and thus opens the way for him. Next time she meets him he is clothed with the body of her grandmother, as if within her the original sin, the ancestral stain, had quickened, and to it she succumbs, unless as the tale now given tells, the woodman rescues her. That the addition is late is confirmed by the fact that he does so without pain to himself. Rescuers in myth foreshadowing truth must suffer. Did not Tyr lose his right hand, and Soma, goddess of the Eskimo, tear off her fingers to make seals that her people should not perish?

In *The Sleeping Beauty* we find a world of Christian symbol and myth. It begins with a christening. Father and Mother, exalted into the highest beings known, all powerful King and Queen would have a daughter possessed of every fair gift, a daughter without sin. But even their power could not keep away the evil fairy and the doctrine of original sin is clear. Nothing happens until the child growing up seeks the oldest part of the castle, the oldest woman, or her own inmost inheritance, and finds the sharp point. Even so it is her own disobedience that is punished. She pricks her finger, the blood flows, and she dies, dies that is the little death of sleep. Alone since everyone else is also in the same state, behind the great barrier of hedge she lies, completely helpless. The princes come, stick fast in the thicket and die, and then, as Grimm says, "there came a King's son into that land", on "that very day when the hundred years was completed" the echo is plain, "when the time was fulfilled". Theologians call it the doctrine of prevenient grace, we say "When, we were yet sinners . . ."

Many tales describe man's life as a journey and indicate the perils of

the way. Such begin, "There was once a poor woodman sitting by a fire in his cottage"—or, "Dear children, said a poor man, to his four sons, I have nothing to give you, you must go out into the world and try your luck." So from "a ditch close by the sea-side", from a garden, an enclosure, a palace, a cottage they set forth. "Home is where one starts from", said T. S. Eliot. And St. John of the Cross continues:

In a dark night
With anxious love inflamed
Forth undeterred I went
My house being now at rest.

From the sheltered home the children go forth to their adventures, to perform an impossible task, to find a golden well,* to kill an evil dragon, to find a fair princess, to find themselves, to come across a pearl of great price, or a "lifetime burning in every moment", and "going ever a little further", find "on that last blue mountain" Flecker's "prophet who can understand why men are born". In the best tales no man succeeds by his own prowess alone. There is always that something else symbolised by enchantment or magic, that grace that seeks. It may be "a little light", a "snow-white bird", a "golden ball", or water from a well, but it always leads home, to the Father's house, since after the great Encounter in the old fairy tale all the heroes come home. What lies behind the fairy tale? Intimations of the Spiritual World.

GRACE A. WOOD.

**The Golden Well, an Anatomy of Symbols.* By D. Donnelly.

HERONS

I CAN never watch a heron land in a tree without feeling that I am in the presence of something magical, almost supernatural. The grey bird wheels and planes down to the tree-top, arches its wings over its back, thrusts down its stilt-like legs and steps with an air of deceptive daintiness on to a branch. In that moment the transformation is incredible. The soaring master of the air, balancing gracefully on lazily-flapping wings, broad and rounded at their ends, suddenly becomes something not of this world, a kind of grotesque suspiciously hesitant tight-rope walker. Yet for all its apparent ungainliness up among the branches, a heron is quite at home balancing and stepping in any large tree. It is really the perfect example of the extreme adaptability of nature. For herons are not tree birds at all, as anyone can see. They are designed to live entirely on the ground, nesting and roosting there and feeding in water by wading in with their long legs. Only because of their age-long persecution by man in this country, as in some other lands, have they abandoned the mode of living for which they were originally intended and become arboreal in habit, nesting in the tops of trees. Where they are not killed or harried they still nest on the ground—but you won't find many herons' nests built that way in this country.

Hérons are among the oldest inhabitants of Britain. When Caesar's hordes landed on our shores they must have taken wing at the sight of

the intruders, rending the still air with their harsh cries as they lumbered away over the marshes. For they doubtless were very numerous then, and they probably nested in colonies among the reeds and sedges. When falconry was the sport of kings and the recreation of gentlemen, the "hern" was a favoured quarry. Exciting indeed is the duel between giant heron and headstrong gyrfalcon or goshawk. The hawk goes straight at its quarry, but the heron is not to be caught so easily. Disgorging the half-digested contents of its crop by way of lightening ballast, it gains height and as the hunter attacks the awkward-looking bird jinks and stalls with great skill. Legs are brought into play, if need be, and even the most efficient falcon has sometimes to be swift and alert to miss the rapier-thrust of the heron's bill, its major weapon against all comers. Our forefathers enjoyed sport against herons and the eventual kill with the big bird brought down was both uncommon and highly-prized. But through the centuries in which falconry held sway the numbers of our native herons must have been considerably reduced by such means. Modern falconers, those few intrepid enthusiasts who still fly their peregrine and goshawks over our fields and moors, seem to think little of the heron. And, anyway, he is a protected bird in many places.

You can see herons in every county in England and Scotland, and they breed anywhere except in Rutland, occupying some 300 widely-scattered heronries which may contain as many as 120 nests or as few as two. In some parts of the country they are shot more freely than in others, and at the moment Sussex and Norfolk have the most herons, together with Northants and Kent. But they continually move from a dangerous area to a safer one, while depleted numbers are also made good by emigrants from well-populated districts. Thanks to the patient efforts of quite a large body of amateur bird-watchers, we have a fairly accurate picture of Britain's heron population, although, as in the case of nearly all our wild birds, of their specialised daily habits we know far less. It is easy to watch herons fishing in rivers and ponds, and counting their occupied nests in early spring before the leaves are on the trees is child's play. But it is no joke perching insecurely in a tiny hiding-tent alongside a tree-top nest to study their breeding behaviour. In spite of the endless rocking of your platform and the incredible racket and stench which are part of every heronry, your particular birds may take it into their heads to give you a miss. All the same, every April and May many ardent ornithologists and bird-photographers hoist their apparatus into the upper branches for this very purpose, risking life and limb in the pursuit of their hobby. We know that in spite of all the vicissitudes of a wild bird's existence, there are about 4,000 breeding pairs in this country today. Not many, it is true, but this figure remains remarkably constant over the years. In a severe winter herons suffer more than any other large bird since they cannot fish at all, and all the lesser fry upon which they normally feed, frogs, voles, mice, lizards, snakes, newts and so forth, are impossible to find. Consequently they tend to starve very easily, often losing all fear of man and coming into his farmyards and gardens in search of something to eat. After a bad winter the number of herons seen about drops noticeably. After a few years, however, these queer birds make good their losses once again. What puzzles naturalists about the business is their

apparent inability to start increasing to any extent when we have a series of mild winters.

Man has never been very well disposed towards "hanser" or "old Nog", as he is called in various parts of the country, but then man is never very pleased with other creatures which do certain things so much better than he can himself. Herons are still shot today because they catch trout and other fish so much better than the anglers who may have put the fish there in the first place to provide sport. Come upon a heron fishing in the shallows without disturbing him, and if you pursue the contemplative art, you will feel like screaming. With shoulders hunched back into lean body, neck curved, black crest conspicuous and eye alert, the tall bird stands there in the water like some motionless, diaphanous ghoul. Suddenly a fish will be spotted and down will flash that spear of a bill and up will come a struggling trout or grayling. The bird may move on a little, and after a few minutes, the process will be repeated with equal efficiency. Still they come, perch, roach, dace, chub, frogs, eels—all are swallowed to fill the heron's capacious and insatiable pouch. A heron has an uncanny knack of telling just where the fish lie. Our angling ancestors used to believe that there was some magic property in a heron's legs which attracted fish to the bird as it stood in the water. They used concoctions made of crushed heron-legs as bait, but without startling result.

Like many fishing birds the heron is a voracious customer. No matter how big the prey, he will get it down somehow, even if it chokes him which it actually does on occasion. More than one dead heron has been picked up with a giant pike stuck between its mandibles, or an over-grown vole firmly wedged in its gullet. If a fish caught too large to deal with by immediate swallowing, a heron will take it to the shore and beat its brains out on a rock to still it before swallowing. It sometimes happens, however, that a bird will forget this elementary precaution, and if the quarry should happen to be an eel, which is a favourite meal, the consequences may be disastrous. One heron had hold of a long eel by one end on one occasion, but the fish had other ideas and strangled its captor. Another eel, even more resourceful, was swallowed alive and actually killed the bird by gnawing its way to freedom through the side of the bird's crop. Eels and over-large beaksful apart, herons are always getting into difficulties of one kind or another. They occasionally slip in trees and get caught in a fork by their long necks, never to escape. And they have been known to break their bills on hidden rocks submerged beneath the fish they were about to spear.

A visit to a heronry in spring is a unique experience. Most people think of herons as silent birds, and it is true that outside the breeding season they utter only their harsh *fraarnk* when disturbed. But at the nest they bark like dogs, trumpet like elephants, and scream like hysterical hyaenas. I have often taken friends to a centuries-old heronry near my home just to amaze them with this babel of heron cries, while if I play my gramophone records of herons (so ably made by Ludwig Koch), few people suspect birds as the cause of all the clamour. Young herons, incidentally, have a vocabulary all their own, and when their parents feed them on evil-smelling disgorged fish, they clatter incessantly exactly like a

typewriter being used at speed. So although you may not like the heron if he steals your trout, or empties your garden of goldfish—one bird ate 300 goldfish overnight—you cannot but admire him and his solitary, unconventional ways, all three feet of him. After all, he is the only British member of the stork family, which is no small distinction in itself.

DAVID GUNSTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WAR BY ANY MEANS

THE fall of Dien Bien Phu on May 7th last, coinciding as it did in the communist strategy with the diplomatic conference being held at Geneva, illustrated the prevailing phase of major cold war and minor hot war. By all the means at their disposal the communist aggressors pursue and intensify their campaign. They seek to mobilise the nationalist element in Asian unrest by fomenting the physical struggle, whether in Korea or in Indo-China, while mobilising China in the diplomatic struggle. For the moment Chou En-lai falls in with the plan; but there are those in the west, who, knowing him and the ancient civilisation of his country, are convinced that his own purpose is opportunist, and that in the due course, when Asia is duly freed from "the white man's burden", he will present to Moscow the collateral and logical truth that the greater tyranny of marauding imperial communism will be even more decisively thrown out than the milder "colonialism" now in question. The facts so far established are not the end of the story.

The conference which began in Geneva on April 26th and that which ended in Kandy (having moved there from Colombo) on May 2nd had the effect, if none other, of illustrating the Kiplingite gulf, so to speak, that divides the East from the West. A long communication issued on May 2nd from Kandy by the chairman of the conference, Sir John Kotelawala, outlined what had been achieved. It amounted to very little, and merely showed that the five participating countries, Ceylon, Pakistan, India, Burma and Indonesia, were primarily concerned with their own local problems while in the wider outlook taking a non-committal and ostensibly impartial view of the ideological conflict being waged at Geneva between Russia and China on the one part and the United States, Britain and France on the other.

It is true that in their communication of May 2nd the five Asian Prime Ministers affirmed their faith in democracy, declaring their "unshakable determination" to resist any "external" communist interference in their countries, but they added their equal determination to resist interference by "anti-communist and other agencies". Mr. Nehru in particular was at pains to avoid an appearance of solidarity with the west, and his colleagues agreed in their motive of holding even the scales between east and west. In other words the five Asian countries on the one hand tended to emphasise their condemnation of what they called "colonialism", wherein they tilted in a friendly gesture towards the opportunist propaganda of the Kremlin, and on the other hand tilted towards the west in their condemnation of the Kremlin's tyranny.

In Geneva meanwhile the Russian delegation was more concerned to mobilise the full Chinese alliance against the three western Powers than to make any honest practical contribution to the theoretic business in hand, namely the settlement of the issues in Korea and Indo-China and the general lessening of world tension. Geneva constituted a continuing cockpit of the diplomatic world-war, Colombo blowing hot and blowing cold the while. Nothing was done or said in Colombo about Kashmir, about the pact concluded between Pakistan and Turkey, about United States help to Pakistan. Nothing was done or said in Geneva about the central issue which divides the world of this time, namely about the challenge of an atheist, materialist tyranny to the old Christian civilisation. The hydrogen bomb, when it was considered at all, was weakly assigned to that separate compartment so assiduously prescribed by Russian propaganda, instead of being rigorously correlated with the general problem of disarmament where it rightly, logically and reasonably belongs.

What comfort then is to be derived by the ordinary man and woman, who yearn for decency and commonsense, from these interminable unprincipled exhibitions of bad blood and low mentality in the field of what we call high diplomacy? Is there to be no respite from this bedevilled vendetta? Of course there is; but no credit thereby devolves upon high diplomacy as such. Willy-nilly these politics do in the end submit to the moral law which overrides them, even although in the very process of the surrender the protagonists hardly know what they do. At this moment, when the hydrogen bomb and the cobalt bombs dictate a respite in the chronic habit of open international war—for the certain prospect of universal impartial destruction faces the world if those bombs be launched—we helplessly survey the muddled reactions of influential people who ought to have more sense. This hydrogen bomb, they say, must be outlawed, because it is too horrible a thing to countenance. Russia blandly agrees with the argument, thinking thereby to deprive the United States of an advantage in the exclusively military calculation. Let the Russian insincerities be put aside. Let the mentality of these western pundits be analysed. Do they want to make the world safe for continuing war of the old type? Or will they not rather welcome the respite offered by an all-pervading potential horror which might make them all lay down their arms? In that respite, the essential business of high diplomacy could be profitably pursued, namely the effective disarmament of the world, atomic weapons and all, by chastened agreement. Until that be done, these Geneva and Colombo conferences are alike of no avail to the welfare of man. If it be done, the problems of diplomacy, east and west, will be readily soluble through the instrument of unimpeded reason and a spiritual faith liberated at last from the devil's tyranny of mutual fear. If we concentrate upon the essence of the issue now confronting the world, it becomes clear that it is none other than the problem of disarmament.

ARMS AND THE MAN

The further away we get from that important year 1914—and the present year takes us forty years on—the more important it seems to become. The prevailing psychological tension, which includes in its scope a

spreading apprehension and bewilderment, is of some interest to those level-headed people who have retained their sense of values through a half century of horrors. To such people it is obvious that there is a direct connection between 1914 and 1954, between that not very distant age when there were no airforces and hardly any motor cars, and the present age when the monstrous thing we call a hydrogen bomb is being experimentally let off in the Bikini islands, throwing out its clouds of radioactive dust to a distance of a hundred miles or so from the scene of the original explosion, and the cobalt bomb is waiting in the offing with its radius of a thousand miles of destructive power. There can be little remaining doubt in any mind that the year 1914 was the dividing line between one era and another.

But the mere chronicle of the changes and chances in the new era is of less interest than the story of the apparently miraculous outcome now shaping. Let not the suggestion of miracle cause surprise. It is one of the paradoxes of experience that there is nothing more commonplace than miracle. By the spring of 1954 a cartoonist whose function it was to entertain the readers of a popular picture-paper, could base his picture of the day on the quip that "this terrible explosive should make another war impossible, since the use of such a weapon would bring us all down in common disaster". The interesting thing was not the pictured ring of primitive savages sitting round a barrel of gunpowder, but the implied familiarity on the part of wide masses of people with the notion of war being made impossible by the weapons now available. Such is miracle. Alfred Nobel after all was right. He was merely ahead of the times in his prediction that if war were made horrible enough, there would be no war. Herein we see a classic example of the twin fact that evil not only eliminates itself, but leaves good in its place. *Ex malo bonum.*

Only a few years ago those simple-minded people who declared that the atomic bomb would put an end to war were ignored as impractical visionaries, and the political leaders went on piling up their stacks of conventional weapons—guns, tanks, bombs and the rest. A mere atomic weapon, it appears, was not enough to sober them. It needed the hydrogen and the cobalt bombs to pierce their comprehension. On March 30th last Mr. Wilson, the United States Secretary of Defence, observed to his press conference that the results of the recent hydrogen bomb test were "unbelievable", and added that the hydrogen bomb bore the like relationship to the atomic bomb as the atomic bomb to T.N.T. It was Alfred Nobel who produced T.N.T. He did not foresee the further stages of destructive power that paradoxically were to father the constructive achievement of world disarmament: but in his bones he knew it. The gigantic fact emerges that, as it were overnight, the obstacle to disarmament which has persisted since 1919, has at last disappeared.

A half century's story can now be told, of disarmament as an ideal, remote and unattainable, suddenly ceasing to be an ideal and becoming a possibility. The latest snag, namely Russia's too clever differentiation between atomic weapons and conventional weapons, disappears with the rest. To urge, as Russia has urged these past eight years within the United Nations, that atomic weapons be abolished (she being at a comparative disadvantage therein) while conventional armaments be merely

reduced proportionately (whereby her advantage therein would be mathematically safeguarded) ceases to be a possible stratagem when the very existence of conventional weapons approaches its appointed end. A stab of delicious irony is to be seen in this sudden discomfiture of the Russian plan. Russia wanted to abolish the atomic, and retain the conventional, weapon. She finds, or soon will find, that, as a result of what happened at Bikini on March 1st, it is the conventional weapon that is doomed, and the hydrogen bomb destined to be retained. Tanks and submarines, armies and navies: these are doomed *in toto*. The hydrogen and cobalt bombs will remain with perhaps a minimum of auxilliary airforces: the sentinel, the guarantor of an otherwise disarmed world.

From the vantage point of 1954 a prospect opens of an incalculably new potentiality, incalculably good. If national armaments be gone, international fears go with them, the sting at last taken out of national sovereignty, world government suddenly becomes possible: and by this same token becomes unnecessary. Irony and paradox tumble over each other in this new cavalcade. Just as men assailed with the temptation to over-indulgence in tobacco or alcohol, otherwise harmless and even beneficial, must learn the lesson that if they cannot resist it, they must; whereas if they can, they need not: so the nations have been led to learn that in face of threatened war, they must set up world government, but when the threat is removed, they do not need the instrument. Let it not be thought that such imaginings are vain. The hydrogen bomb would certainly be used in the event of world war. No previous agreement could prevent its use, or the fear of its use. Therefore a third world war would involve the certainty of prompt impartial destruction on an incalculable scale. Therefore, there will be no world war. "We should be doing a disservice to the free world" said Sir Winston Churchill on March 30th last "if we tried to stop our American allies building up their overwhelming strength in the weapon which provides the greatest possible deterrent against the outbreak of a third world war". The notion of marching armies, marauding submarines or raiding aeroplanes fades into the dim past. Disarmament, accomplished through the falling into the disuse of armies, navies and airforces, and through the instrumentality of a *pax hydrogenica* is now after all these years of frustration a promised guerdon: encompassed through the miraculous, though normal, working of the moral law which subordinates evil to good and in the end safeguards the welfare of men.

HISTORY OF THE TRANSITION

The transition from the status of an apparently hopeless ideal to that of an impending fact in this matter of disarmament has become a focus of increasing speculation and hope. The Disarmament Commission of the United Nations has been convened again in the new light that is being shed. It nowadays goes without saying—though it is better to go on saying it—that war can be avoided only if the nations be disarmed. Experience has proved, what commonsense suggests, that sovereign armed nations will sooner or later go to war with each other, because the mere fact of being armed has the dual effect of increasing their fear of each other and enabling them to follow the dictate of fear into that devil's game of self-defence

against each other. As the gentle rain from heaven helps to produce our physical food, so the mercy of God nourishes our spiritual life by the operation of a moral law, which among other provisions ordains that petty mutual fear, the enemy of nations, shall one day be routed by the greater fear of a common danger. The respite thus gained should give the opportunity for a general demilitarising of frontiers after the pattern of the U.S.A.-Canadian frontier which has guaranteed peace through lack of fortification since 1818 and the Swedish-Norwegian frontier which has performed the like service since 1905. Peace, like the nettle, must be grasped firmly and without reservation if it is to be grasped at all. That is what is implied in disarmament.

The Hague Conferences which took place at the turn of the century (1899 and 1907) had for their professed object "an understanding not to increase for a fixed period the present effectives of the armed military and naval forces, and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto; and a preliminary examination of the means by which even a reduction might be effected in future in the forces and budgets above mentioned". Such were the words used in defining the object by Count Mouraviev, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he being the mouth-piece because the conferences themselves resulted from a proposal made by Nicholas II of Russia—an ironical commentary on the fact that half a century later it was Russia, now in communist hands, that was the main stumbling block to the purposes of the Disarmament Commission of the United Nations.

But the halting, gingerly approach made to the problem at the Hague was totally ineffective, as were the succeeding similar approaches made throughout the first half of the present century. War can be prevented only by total disarmament, that is by a firm grasping of the nettle, not by a "reduction" of armaments. The limitation of armaments leaves the back door open for fear again to enter. The quaint declaration, one of three that were adopted at the Hague, about bombs, though the word itself was not then used, added to the irony. It decreed the "prohibition of the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other similar new methods". There were as yet—and this within living memory—no such things as aeroplanes. When the first world war had duly run its course and the full horror of modern war had been visited upon us, the Covenant of the League of Nations, riddled at its very drafting by the mutual fear among nations which in our time has made nonsense of high diplomacy in all its works, duly and solemnly made this remarkable provision (Article 8): "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations".

On the very morrow of that fatal first world war—in which for instance in Great Britain one out of every four men between the age of 20 and 40 was killed—intelligence was shut out from diplomatic action. Fear was still the devil in the piece, the worm in the wood. Fear normally destroys commonsense. Being sickened of war, and disposed to banish it for the future, the "victorious" allies none the less could not bring themselves to take the only step that would so banish it. They jibbed at disarmament,

hugging the very armaments that they knew would be their undoing, and lamely provided instead for a "reduction" of armaments which in their hearts they knew was useless to the purpose.

Similarly in the Preamble to Part V of the Versailles Treaty which almost totally disarmed a defeated Germany, the Allies in their mood of chastened contrition—yet not chastened enough—explained that their purpose in thus disarming Germany was "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations". Again that accursed make-belief, "limitation". And of course the years passed without any attempt being made on the part of the Allies to redeem even that craven promise to a defeated enemy. Yet the German leaders of the immediate post-war era, exemplified in Gustav Stresemann, hugged that promise in their hearts, believing that it might lead to general full disarmament, and believing that only such disarmament could guarantee peace for the future. At Locarno, six years after the Versailles promise had been made, the patient Germans received a renewal of the promise (1925), which they proceeded again patiently to hug, and in the faith of their hugging they hopefully sought and received admission into membership of the League of Nations in the following year (1926). Again six years passed before any inclination was manifested on the part of the League to take any step towards disarmament.

In February 1932, however, thirteen years after the Treaty of Versailles was written, the League of Nations did at last convene what was officially called a Disarmament Conference. German hopes revived. After six months of talk, in which the literal notion of disarmament was not even mentioned, the German delegation, in a spirit now of exasperation, proposed that in default of disarmament, there should at any rate be agreed a drastic measure of reduction in armaments, their specific proposal being that the four western Powers on whom the peace of Europe and therefore of the world chiefly depended, the four Powers who had made the Locarno Treaty seven years earlier, should agree to limit the peace-time strength of their armed forces to 300,000 men apiece. The proposal was rejected by the British and the French Governments, who were unwilling, under the influence of the old fear, to accept a status of equality with Germany in the matter of armed forces; and the Germans, at last disillusioned and exasperated, quitted the conference, seceded from the League of Nations, and three months later, in January 1933 elected Adolf Hitler to be Chancellor. Hitler had been imprisoned by those same Germans a decade earlier for preaching the doctrine that Germany would receive neither mercy nor charity from their victors unless they tried the expedient of another war and won it.

Such is the way of tragedy. In 1933 the war suspended in 1918 was in effect resumed, though the actual renewal of the fighting did not take place till 1939. After the second world war the Charter of the United Nations, an amended redraft of the Covenant of the defunct League of Nations, proceeded to repeat the same mistake as before, under the influence of the same old fear. Instead of providing for disarmament, it provided (in Articles 42 and 43) that there should instead be a United Nations army (which "may take such action by air, sea or land forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security" as Article 42

put it). And full national sovereignty was at the same time reserved for the Great Powers by Article 27 which provided for the famous veto in the procedure laid down for the Security Council. The United Nations itself was duly fighting in Korea within five years. The question *cui culpa*, in the case of Korea, is not here being discussed. Let it be freely admitted, there being no possible doubt in the matter, that the aggressor was Russia. Russia was and is a member of the United Nations, and albeit anonymously, was the aggressor against whom the United Nations were fighting in order to "restore international peace".

Let it be noted only that here is muddle of the first degree; that there is no peace; that the United Nations is proved to be as great a fiasco as was the League of Nations. Half a century has passed, and within the province of unaided human action, the last state is obviously worse than the first. And now, these new bombs. The practical resultant question is: can the new fear drive out the old and give the opportunity at last for a realistic approach to true, effective disarmament? A confident "yes" may be given as the answer. Where human wisdom has failed in a matter of essential concern to a world made by God, God intervenes. A miracle, emanating from the very circumstance of the human folly, comes to our rescue.

May 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

•THE CHURCHILL SAGA

Among the few welcome results of the Second World War was the call to Winston Churchill to produce the greatest of his books. His volumes on the First World War are of the highest interest, but in that epic struggle he was never in control and for a time was out of office. In the later and more terrible conflict he was almost from the start the captain of the ship. In the six massive volumes the interest never flags, and the wealth of documents enables us to follow events from day to day; yet the diversity of the threads never interferes with the unity of the pattern. In these colourful pages we feel the throb of the world's pulse, and the dynamic personality of the author, a born leader of men, is stamped on every page. It must have been a consolation in the bitterness of electoral defeat in 1945 that he was granted leisure to compose one of the masterpieces of historical literature.

The sixth and final volume opens with the landing in Normandy in June 1945. The half crazy megalomaniac in Berlin, like the Kaiser in 1917, lost the war on the day that the United States entered it: henceforth the question was no longer which side would win but when the three aggressors, Germany, Italy and Japan, would collapse. If the invasion of France from north and south proved a little easier than expected, the passage of the Rhine was a far harder nut to crack, and the Rundstedt offensive revealed that there was still plenty of spirit in one of the great fighting races of the world. Even this last desperate effort could do no more than postpone the final catastrophe by a few weeks. Germany, like Italy and Japan, was beaten long before she laid down her arms, and she knew it. The Führer's legacy to his countrymen was a heap of ruins, the humiliation of unconditional surrender, and the detestation of the free world.

Perhaps the greatest value of this survey of ten crowded months is the light it throws on the relations of the Big Three who won the war, Great Britain, the United States and Russia. The closing phase of the titanic struggle in the West is familiar to all who lived through those eventful days, and the wonderful story of Russia's recovery from the defence of Stalingrad onwards was watched with breathless interest. What we did not know, and what we learn from this volume, is the mood of the Russian Dictator towards his Western associates. That Stalin was a big man, a born leader, and master in his own house is as clear to readers of this volume as it was clear to the author who studied him at close range. The distressing story of the cold war, of which he was the main author, should not blind us to the fact that Russia owed as much to the resilience and resource of this tough Georgian as Great Britain to Winston Churchill. That the two men liked and admired each other—Stalin called Churchill the old war-horse—shines out in the reports of their meetings at Teheran, Moscow and Yalta to his colleagues in the Coalition Cabinet in London and to President Roosevelt. "We have found an extraordinary atmosphere of goodwill here," reported the Prime Minister to Roosevelt from Moscow in October, 1944. Five days later he reported in high spirits to King George. "The political atmosphere is extremely cordial. Nothing like it has been seen before." The Prime Minister and Mr. Eden in their talks with Marshal Stalin and M. Molotov have been able to deal with the most delicate problems in a frank, outspoken manner without the slightest sign of giving offence. The Prime Minister attended a special performance of the ballet, and received a prolonged ovation from an enormous audience. Presently, when Marshal Stalin came into the box and stood beside him, there was an almost passionate demonstration." After a memorable fortnight, "in which we got closer to our Soviet allies than ever before or since," the author despatched a grateful letter to his hosts. "Eden and I have come away from the Soviet Union refreshed and fortified by the discussions. This memorable meeting in Moscow has shown that there are no matters which cannot be adjusted between us when we meet together in frank and intimate discussion. May we soon meet again." They met again at Yalta in the Crimea in February 1945, when the atmosphere was almost equally cordial, though some of the discussions were extremely controversial. In proposing the health of Stalin the author spoke with confidence and gratitude. "There was a time when the Marshal was not so kindly towards us, and I remember that I said a few rude things about him, but our common dangers and common loyalties have wiped all that out. The fire of war has burnt up the misunderstandings of the past. We feel we have a friend whom we can trust, and I hope he will continue to feel the same about us. I pray he may live to see his beloved Russia not only glorious in war but also happy in peace."

How came it that these warm and trustful exchanges were followed by the tragic disappointment of the cold war? Many streams are needed to make a mighty river, but this volume clearly reveals "the little rift within the lute which makes all music dumb." The main source of the trouble was Poland, and poignant pages describe the butchery of the Polish patriots who rose against the German troops in Warsaw. With Hitler's forces staggering back from Russia and the victorious Russian troops only a few miles from the city, the Polish insurgents naturally believed they would receive Russian help against the common enemy. Nothing of the sort occurred. Rejecting the agonising supplications of the citizens and the hardly less urgent appeals of the British Government, Russia allowed the revolt to be drowned in a sea of blood. That it was not merely the indifference to human suffering which characterises Eastern nations—and the Russian mentality has always been more Eastern than Western—but a settled policy was proved by the callous refusal to allow British planes with supplies for the insurgents to land on the territory east of the

Vistula which was occupied by the Russian forces. This denial not only of ordinary humanity but of the principle of allied solidarity was a profound shock to the British Prime Minister and the Western Powers. What then was the motive behind the decision? Simply that it was the unalterable policy of the Kremlin that Poland should be liberated and ruled by Communists and by nobody else.

This was confirmed by Stalin's refusal to admit the émigré Polish Government in London, which was recognised and aided by Britain, to a status of equality with the Lublin Government which took its orders from Moscow. Despite the agreement reached at Yalta that the London and Lublin Poles should combine to form a national Government, Stalin placed every obstacle in the way of the former, whom he treated as enemies rather than friends. That they were enemies of Communism, and that every Pole who was not a Communist detested the thought of being ruled by Russian puppets, was true enough; but it was equally true that they represented the majority of the Polish people who had always looked to the West for their culture. Though this double-dealing justly angered the author and the British people, it is only fair to Russia to try to understand her case. After the unspeakable horrors of the German invasion it seemed vital to her security to instal a Russophil regime in the country through which the Germans had marched to the attack; and a Russophil government could only be a government under Communist control. Since the choice lay between a potential foe and a tame satellite state, the decision was inevitable.

It was an immense consolation for the author during these stormy years that he enjoyed not merely the confidence but the affection of President Roosevelt. Churchill has a warm heart, and the perfect understanding shines out in almost every chapter. Some differences, not of aim but of strategy, were to be expected. For instance they differed about the Vichy regime and General de Gaulle, and still more about the author's dream of an attack from the head of the Adriatic in the hope of reaching Vienna before the Russians. Despite such disagreements, it is a happy story of David and Jonathan till the death of the President, himself a war casualty. A surprising revelation in the pages devoted to America is that Harry Hopkins, for some unexplained reason, lost the favour of his chief during the last phase, as Colonel House had been dropped by Wilson twenty years before. The most moving item in the whole volume is the author's tribute to his friend in the House of Commons. "In Franklin Roosevelt there died the greatest American friend we have ever known, and the greatest champion of freedom who has ever brought help and comfort from the New World to the Old."

The epic story closes, not with a burst of trumpets, but on a note of apprehension. The election of 1945 was a shattering blow to the old captain who had steered the ship through the terrible storm. He does not realise that the Labour victory expressed, not ingratitude to himself, but a desire for more far-reaching social changes than his party was willing to provide. Far graver was his anxiety about the policy of Russia. Though Stalin, he declares, had been a magnificent ally, Soviet Russia had become a mortal danger to the free world, and a new front had to be created against her onward sweep. "Abounding triumph only intensified the inner darkness of human affairs." One of the most familiar experiences of history is that coalitions always break up when their immediate purpose is achieved, and that the more decisive the triumph the more bitter the disappointment. That he had done his best not only to win the war but to keep the Grand Alliance intact is proved beyond challenge by this documented record of the fiercest struggle in the story of mankind.

G. P. GOOCH.

* Winston S. Churchill. *The Second World War. Vol. VI. Triumph and Tragedy.* Cassell. 30s.

This book covers so large a canvas that it is hard to summarize it briefly. The main thesis is an analysis of the antithesis between Communism and Christianity, both of which are vividly portrayed, though somewhat repetitively, but with excellent accounts of both. One feels that Dr. Lowry writes as a truly enthusiastic Christian, with a real sense of a mission to make clear to his readers the unique miracle of Christ. He has evidently grown to realize this more and more, so he does not treat it as something to be taken for granted but as an exciting discovery. On the other hand he is amazed at the incredible evil of Russian Communism, which "puts man into a strait-jacket which is unbearable, and which it is inconceivable he will endure for long." This new "religion" which was born in the British Museum, in the brain of the exiled German Jew, Karl Marx, has set out to conquer the world. In less than a century it has become more radically inhuman than the system against which it arose as a protest, being "reversion" not "revolution." It has "sealed people as in a tomb," under the all-inclusive power of the Party. We may call it Neo-Pharaohism. For never since those ancient days have men been treated so absolutely as mere things, robots, without rights or privileges of any sort. Yet today it controls 800 millions of human beings.

What is the source of its ability to gain such a victory? It may be attributed in part to the fact of its complete this-worldliness. It is the first great secular religion. It has a dream of "complete equality amid perfect plenty"; it has a picture "of a new transformed, uncompetitive, warless, classless, social order." But this dream could not have captured men's minds if the pre-condition had not been suitable for it, and this psychological pre-condition "was the creation of a spiritual vacuum in the soul of Western man through the loss of faith and through exclusive concentration on the things of this world . . . (Communism) is a symptom of disease and disorder in the body of Christian and liberal culture . . . It is a spiritual challenge to every responsible human being." In this immensely important moment of world history, America has suddenly come of age and come dead against this "stark, shocking, frightening reality." Its continental safety is no more, and it realizes that the appalling weapons it has helped to create may be turned against itself. "Can America learn humility? Can our people see themselves and their possessions and achievements and way of life with some detachment and sense of proportion? Can they be realistic about the American way, its values, defects and prospects in the world in which we live? Are they able to recognize themselves along with . . . all men in the portrait of the Prodigal Son? . . . If America can do this . . . there is hope of recovery, of reconciliation of health and new life." If not "gloom alone is left. Freedom passes and mankind puts on again the chains of slavery." This is the tremendous decision which it is essential to make. God does not force us to do right, "Providence must respect the freedom of man."

Dr. Lowry likens our age to the early centuries of our era, when men turn from reason and lose their nerve and their feeling of security. In such a time Christ came, healing and renewing the whole being of man, turning the world upside down, creating a new man, a new outlook, a new society. We learn this perhaps most clearly in the Gospel of St. John. "The Gospel produced by this great lover as well as thinker is something utterly unique. It is the supreme work of genius in Christian religious history; . . . the real interest of the author is . . . in the spiritual Christ." The miracle of this Gospel is that the result is not an incredible mythological figure, but a being who is personal, real and appealing in the highest sense. . . . The message of St. John is that love is sacrifice and that God, being Love, could not do other than give Himself, in and as Christ. And though Love, as Christ showed it, was rejected, yet the Crucifixion,

which seemed the absolute end, was truly the beginning of the mightiest triumph in history. So today, when it seems as though we are threatened by a complete collapse, there is, as in the earliest days of Christianity, a renewed interest in religion. The author believes it is possible to say that America, among other countries, is experiencing a religious revival, and he gives much evidence of this. It may be that U.S.A., which has "the mightiest opportunity in history", may "lead faltering mankind beyond the twilight and the hovering darkness into the sunshine of a larger and happier day." These are a few of the very interesting comments on our world situation today, written from the American point of view. Dr. Lowry sees with intensity the appalling difficulties and dangers which confront us. But he sees equally intensely the amazing, undefeatable power of Christianity, which gives his book a truly extraordinary interest. It is not a large book, not always an easy book, but it is a book which can guide us all to a greater understanding of the amazing times in which we live and can give us courage to hold fast to that which we know is good. Each one of us is needed as a crusader for Christianity in its purest form. May this book be very widely read.

A. RUTH FRY.

Communism or Christ. By Charles W. Lowry. M.A. (Harvard), D.Phil. (Oxon). Eyre & Spottiswoode. With a Foreword by the Dean of St. Paul's.

MALAYA

From Eton to Oxford; from Oxford to a Guards Regiment; with them to Malaya; and in Malaya from the army camp to the jungle in the north of the peninsula—alone, for a fortnight; not to fight the terrorists, but to spend a holiday. From a diary written during that holiday sprang up a book: fourteen days, fourteen main chapters. The author—Tom Stacey—is now 23. When he conceived and wrote the book he was 20. Does that mean that one has to be indulgent? Young author . . . first literary effort . . . Stacey does not need this. He stands on his—literary—feet quite strongly, despite his age. "The Hostile Sun" is definitely more than essay, more mature than many an attempt of similar character written by older men. What an unusual idea: to go to the jungle in order to spend a fortnight's leave, with little money, but a great deal of curiosity! With small experience, but a sincere wish to penetrate not only into the inside of the jungle, but also to the minds of that dying out tribe of Malayan aborigines who are apparently so near and so dear to the author's heart. They are called Temiar and are supposed to belong to the most primitive men in this world.

Tom Stacey has strong likes and dislikes. He likes the Malaysians and dislikes the Chinese; he loves the countryside (so why is the sun hostile?) and does not love the army. He has his, not always flattering, opinions about our civilisation. Altogether there are many things he disagrees with. Growing older he might change his strong opinions; but his book leaves one with the certainty that he will not change his opinion about Temiar—those little men and women, deep in the jungle, who live off fruit which they snatch from monkeys, and—when they are lucky—off monkeys who snatch their fruit. Pathetic, disease-ridden Temiar who wish no one ill, who are no fighters, who want nothing else than to be left in peace in their jungle world—and are not left in peace, because there is a war against terrorists in Malaya, and that war spread to the jungle. It is the Temiar dance, lasting three full nights, a dance to fight ill spirits, which conquered Stacey's imagination and is the centre piece of the book. He considers himself lucky that he had the chance to attend: a primitive dance of primitive people, accompanied by primitive songs, to chase away the demons, the primitive man's greatest enemies. That the author was

accepted into the holy circle at the time of the dance has a good reason. The Temiar think that he is the son of Pat Noone. But who is Pat Noone? Stacey went to the jungle not only to find out about Temiar; he went there also to find out about Pat Noone. Noone disappeared during the war, and there are several theories about what has happened to him. According to some, he died; others think that he is still alive, but hides himself for some reason. During the war against Japan he was engaged in fighting the invaders. Is he now with the terrorists—a white man with the yellow bandits? But why? Does he want to protect the aborigines? His wife was an aborigine. The Temiar people seem to know, but they would not tell, not even to one who stole himself—partly—into their confidence by letting them think that he was the great Pat Noone's son. And so Stacey could not solve the riddle. Perhaps it will be solved one day, now that a book was written around the riddle. With Stacey's literary methods one need not necessarily agree, but disagreement would not be fair, considering that the book is a diary only. The diary may at times appear controversial, in many parts it is enchanting. The enchantment of the jungle and the primitive aborigines is presented by a young man who possesses a strong capability to be impressed. Sometimes when the narrative becomes too complicated, one may be tempted to think that the young author's mind, too, is a jungle still; but there is nothing primitive about him: he is an aborigine of Kensington.

SIMON WOLF.

The Hostile Sun. By Tom Stacey. Duckworth & Co. 15s.

"POOR DEAR AUGUSTUS"

When Molly Lepell, Lady Hervey, lay dying in 1768 her last words were "poor dear Augustus." They were spoken to her sailor son, Augustus Hervey, the husband of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, the defender of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, and her favourite among the eight children whom she bore to the ambiguous creature called by Pope "Lord Fanny." Augustus, later third Earl of Bristol and Vice-Admiral of the Blue, would make an excellent subject for a full-scale biography. One cannot but regret that David Erskine should have limited himself to transcribing and editing the journals which cover only thirteen years of a life packed with incident. These diaries are always honest, often racy, not infrequently unedifying. On the other hand, there are long stretches dealing with naval activities which, however valuable to the historian of the English Navy in the second half of the eighteenth century, tend to be too technical for the average reader. Mr. Erskine is an admirable editor, neither too lavish nor too laconic in the matter of notes and commentaries; but is it not a little less than just to label as the "English Casanova" this likeable, if, far from moral, sailor? Whatever faults "poor dear Augustus" may have had, he never resembled that stock figure of melodrama, the "cold-hearted libertine"; and if his story were carried as far as his death in 1779 many traits would emerge to mitigate a judgment so severe.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

**Augustus Hervey's Journal.* Transcribed from the original Manuscript at Ickworth and edited by David Erskine. Kimber. 25s.

THE NEW WEST AFRICA

This composite work, edited by Basil Davidson and Adenekan Ademola, is a study of some of the problems of the transition to national independence. The historical background is described by Amanke Okafor, while Thomas Hodgkin, Henry Collins and Le Gros Clark deal with some of the actual sociological, political and economic aspects of the problem. The dedication to E. D. Morel, "great champion of African liberties," may carry the mind of

the reader back to the position in 1919 when his "Black Man's Burden" roused the conscience of the British people to the injustices suffered by the African. Though some doubts are cast on the intentions of the British Administration, no one could read the book without a vivid appreciation of the progress of some of the African peoples since those days and of the way their innate capacities have been fostered through educational opportunities and the work of missionaries and administrators. This is recognised by Ritchie Calder who, in his Introduction, refers to "the efforts and services of the enlightened, sincere and self-sacrificing British men and women who have worked for the well-being of the Africans." Amanke Okafor's historical chapter, with its quotations from bye-gone travellers, gives a remarkable impression of the strength and vitality of West African civilisation; of the achievements in arts and crafts and in community life, which were observed by travellers centuries ago and which were able to survive even the barbarities of the Slave Trade years. Other chapters tell of the breaking down of the old traditional loyalties and the building up of modern societies with new attachments and interests. Le Gros Clark emphasises that in the sphere of technical progress it is only Africans "who are familiar with the traditional African methods and know the feel of African soil on their fingers" who can determine the best course. This may seem sound in other spheres too. The peoples struggling towards self-government must surely work out their own ways of applying the doctrines and practices of the European Government. One may question the wisdom of Basil Davidson's suggestions for the speeding up of the process of change. And is it so certain that the "progressive policy" which he wishes to see adopted is really what the Africans would want?

MOSA ANDERSON.

The New West Africa. Allen & Unwin, 15s.

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An excellent translation of the massive work of Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 35s.) is a boon to scholars who cannot read or cannot procure the German original. Literature is here broadly defined as "the great intellectual and spiritual tradition of Western culture as given form in language," and there appear to be no gaps in his knowledge of this vast field, stretching from the classical world to our own times. Only a specialist in medieval languages and literature could do justice to the author's erudition, but it soon becomes clear to the general reader that this is one of the most ambitious and authoritative treatises of the last half century. The copious notes, the bibliography and the exhaustive index enhance the value of a work which deserves a place in every college library. Portions of the book dealing with philological questions and little known writers should not scare away the amateur who will find plenty of familiar names from Virgil onwards to welcome him. The most arresting figure on the crowded stage in Dante, who rightly receives the fullest treatment. The reader would do well to begin with the lecture delivered at the Goethe bicentenary in 1949 entitled "The Medieval Bases of Western Thought," which summarises a good deal of the matter collected in these six hundred pages, and he would be wise to read it again when he has assimilated as much of the narrative as he can digest. Rarely does a reviewer meet with a work of scholarship which excites not only interest and gratitude but the reverence due to an acknowledged masterpiece.

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